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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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CUBAN BREADLINE
Photograph by Walker Evans (From "The Crime of Cuba")

Before Machado Fell

THE CRIME OF CUBA. By Carleton Beals. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by RUSSELL B. PORTER

CARLETON BEALS is an idol of the youth movement in Cuba. His sympathetic and vivid pen, always fervid against social injustice, has been a mighty weapon on the side of the revolution. The students of the closed University of Havana love and respect him for his help in awakening American public opinion to the monstrosities of the modern Caligula who ruled with machine guns and bludgeons from the presidential palace in Havana until a few days ago.

It is too bad that this book did not come out before Machado fell. Such a complete and blistering indictment of corruption and oppression would have been a most appropriate prelude to the final conviction and sentence imposed by the Cuban people. Yet the manner in which the problem was solved must have been peculiarly satisfying to Mr. Beals, because the solution was preëminently a Cuban solution.

The United States did not remove Machado from the seat of tyrants by armed intervention. Even the diplomatic intervention of Ambassador Sumner Welles's mediation was only a secondary factor. The decisive element was the general strike—a spontaneous, irresistible mass action of the whole Cuban population for a purely political purpose, brought about by impatience at the failure of mediation to oust Machado promptly. The general strike brought a showdown, and the army, which previously had kept Machado in power, revolted rather than face certain civil war and probable American intervention. That the Cubans themselves forced their blood-stained dictator to abdicate is of tremendous significance to the future of the island republic and of her relations with the United States. To appreciate this fully, one must understand the meaning of the crime of Cuba as Mr. Beals describes it.

Machado, vernal, brutal, horrible as his régime was, was only a symptom, a logical culmination of the real crime. That was that the United States did not really free Cuba in 1898, but only caused the Cubans to change masters. Mr. Beals sees the Platt Amendment and our subsequent policy in Cuba as instruments of political

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Middletown with Cultural Trimmings

THE FAULT OF ANGELS. By Paul Horgan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD CORNELIUS

THIS is high comedy of a kind rarely produced by American novelists. The fault must be the novelists', for as this book immediately makes clear, the material for social satire in America is superabundant. In the city of Dorchester, N. Y.—a name scarcely chosen to conceal its prototype—Mr. Horgan has found a perfect milieu. The city is dominated by Henry Ganson, whose millions have endowed Dorchester with an opera, a symphony orchestra, and a large school of music; this superstructure of cultural activity, unique in Dorchester among middle-sized American cities, throws into high relief the social life of the city, and shows how typical it is.

The musical life of Dorchester—and the musical season is the social season—accounts for the presence of various foreigners, who, instead of creating an exotic atmosphere, intensify everything that is American in the community; hence they intensify the effect of Mr. Horgan's social satire. Indeed, some of them are among his best, and most important, characters. Vladimir Arenkoff comes to Dorchester to conduct the opera, and with him Nina, his wife. Nina is something of a modern Madame Ranevsky, young, beautiful, spontaneous; she approaches Dorchester with a directness and simplicity which disarm everybody from Mr. Ganson to Leona Schrantz, the loose-living landlady; she is the angel whose fault is ambition. She immediately recognizes the artificiality of the community which Mr. Ganson has created, and the inarticulate reality of the individuals who compose it. Her ambition is to make it possible for these Americans to live as she lives, spontaneously and directly; her attempts, and her gradual discovery that this is the last thing these Americans want, are the embodiments of Mr. Horgan's theme. Some of them, like the downtrodden Mrs. Bliss, worship her; some are aroused to irritation, to jealousy, or—like the social climber, Mrs. Kane—to fury; others, like young John O'Shaughnessy, merely fall in love with her. Love, hatred, and ambition deviously guide the destinies of the musical colony of Dor-

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Death in the Desert

By EDA LOU WALTON

TURNING into the nineteen-thirties, our literary critics reappraised the preceding twenties. Novelists and poets were neatly pigeonholed. And all this about five years late, for the tide of romantic enthusiasm had begun to recede around 1925. For poetry, the turn came with the publishing of T. S. Eliot's "The Wasteland." Out went the romantic poets and in came the classic. The days of the discovery and exploration of America as a new land were done. Robinson and Frost had finished New England. Sandburg, Lindsay, and the prosaic Masters had exhausted the Middle West. The Pacific Coast, save for Jeffers's late arousing, had been quiet. Millay, along with her many brothers and sisters, had worn thin the theme of personal heartbreak and ecstacy. The great "American Renaissance" had not been all its promoters had advertised. Critics pointed out the fact that the most original of the true American poets had been the worst artists, that those, like Millay, dabbling their fingers always in the stream of literary tradition, had sung very much in the manner of the poets of the Eighteen-nineties in England. Neither their subjects nor their methods were, strictly speaking, unique. By 1930 America had found and had lost herself as a literary unit. From this time on American poets recognized that they were, after all, directly a part of the English literary tradition.

With this discovery, the spontaneity of an American folk literature was lost. The poets here became students of technique and of form. The quarrel over free verse ended in a few sneers. Individuality for the sake of individuality was damned. Poetry, it was announced, was not the expression of a people or of a folk living in a certain section of the country, but a fine art, impersonal in statement, bookish in its sources. The poets became scholars exploring the golden past of art and letters. And why? Because the war generation of poets had lost faith in any manifestation of the present world. Eliot had announced the theme of the sterility and vulgarity of this our present country, the land of our physical and mental strivings. And Eliot had developed the new method for writing verse, that of contrasting and comparing an older and, in memory, perfected world of the past with the newer, completely chaotic, and unpatterned world of the present. Promptly following in his footsteps, every lesser poet went intellectual and became depressed. Emotional spontaneity was lost in intellectual doubt. If feeling dared assert itself at all in poetry, it was only as an outcry against intellectual scepticism. And so, almost before the year of 1930 ended, the new school of poets so exactly defined their methods and their subject matters as to declare the limits of their own span of artistic life.

Now in the third year of this span, we find that the new poets have said all that they ever will say. Eliot, who could not go on further with the geography of the Wasteland, once he had fully drawn it, has turned to religion and, in desperation, has become an Anglo-Catholic. Sickened of the panorama of the desert, he seeks the church which, for a man of his birth and culture, is most rooted in tradition. Archibald MacLeish has declared that, sterile or not sterile, American soil is the only soil in which an American poet may grow; then, directed by his longing for a heroic past, he has written "Conquistador," a history of a great conquest which, for the individual conquerors, ended in failure. Allen Tate, profoundly influenced by Eliot, has spun around himself a cocoon of intellectual erudition and has written poems which very few can understand. He has rediscovered the aristocratic traditions of the South, the only section in America which has an old culture, and has founded there the "Agrarian" school of poetry. These three poets are essentially, it would seem, in agreement with Eliot's political creed—"Royalist."

All of them, and Yvor Winters as well, have followed Eliot's literary models, the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century poets. Nor are they alone. They represent only a kind of committee on scholarship; there are many student-poets taking direction from them.

Hart Crane, alone, of the new generation of American poets concerned with the theme of America and possessed of a strong social conscience, went his own way. Against the full pressure of scepticism and disbelief, he remained a mystic and an optimist. A very subjective poet, he sought for his own symbols and his own myths of prophecy concerning this country. He never belonged to the intellectual school of Eliot. He never discussed the Wasteland. He never found his materials in quotations from older poets. Influenced by the French Symbolists, by Whitman, and by Melville, he remained violently original until his own disorganized individualism caused him to kill himself. But not before he had become, very clearly, a poetic prophet of hope for the oncoming generations.

The lyric poets of the nineteen-thirties, students of form and of literatures as they are, nevertheless remain singers. But singing has in it now the same qualities as

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS
Reviewed by BERNARD FAY

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are discovered in seventeenth century lyric verse. Léonie Adams, for example, feels what she thinks, thinks what she feels. In her poetry feeling and thinking are one and the same act. She is a unique figure today, a mystic who presents her very individual personal emotions with so impersonal a detachment as to make them, immediately, universal. She is the one American poet who, in the same sense that Blake is so named, may be called a "pure poet." Louise Bogan, although a lyric poet, is much more directly influenced by the thought and action of the scene in which she lives; she has shown many evidences of being influenced by the theory that we live in a vulgar and sterile age. She reacts to the whole Eliot tradition with a perverse individuality, but her very violence indicates how well she knows the main values, negative as they are, which most modern poets swear by.

All I have been saying makes, of course, a rapid and to some extent an inaccurate survey of the present outlook in poetry. I am emphasizing only the main trends, the outposts. Eliot and his innumerable imitators, possessed of much or little individuality, have given us every detail of the Wasteland of doubt. Hart Crane, seeking to integrate a disorganized world of ideals and actions, has pointed to new emotional values in a world of anonymous creation, a world in which the creative instincts of men may have outlet in the building of an industrial nation, a world in which not the single engineer or a single poet, but many unknown men may construct bridges and poetic hymns. E. E. Cummings, a poet not to be overlooked, has exhausted pure sensation, unorganized, and presented for its own sake. The lyric poets have, many of them, turned intellectual. Only the best of them keep the necessary balance between feeling and thinking, and are, therefore, able really to sing. Most of the poets of this new school have deliberately renounced the art of singing and become conversational or argumentative. This, as I see it, is a brief diagram of American poetry today.

Look at the imagery of these poets. It is stone of thought, ivory of the brain, jewel of the brain, and similar images are constant. Second only to these are images of time. Every contemporary poet is obsessed by the idea of time, the feeling of life's brevity and meaninglessness, the desire to get outside mere temporal existence. Next come the images of space. Space, as defined scientifically, or as defined by the eye, is another poetic obsession these days. In other words the intellect, the mind, separated now almost entirely from the emotions, spins round and round in the confines of time and space. Human life and nature have no longer any fixed values. Science, war, political thought, and the Bergsonian philosophy have seen to that. The word or image of the "heart" has almost disappeared from poetry. "What matter if the heart live on?" If it does live on, it becomes a nagging kind of contradiction, an ancient hunger which the mind cannot quite neglect. The heart, the emotions are really lost to most modern poets. Human feelings are known to be momentary only, without ultimate value. Human beings are mere ants which appear and vanish under the microscope. First their bodies disappear (their hearts within the flesh), then only their spinning heads are left, detached and mechanical as some scientific invention. "The mind that lives on print becomes too savage." Finally it freezes up altogether. And so throughout most modern poetry, conceptual language is the language used. Physical imagery in any pure form is gone. As scenery for the translation of emotions, it is no longer useful. A new language for the mind, the only thing that most of these modern poets have left to talk about, has been invented. Poetry is burdened with abstract, ideational, pseudo-scientific phrases and images.

All this is a kind of death in the desert. The desert, very clearly, of the intellect. Man does not live by taking thought. Poetry is of the emotions and not of the intellect. We have seen, since 1925, the effort on the part of our poets to understand a world which is obviously coming to an end, the world in which every life value is denied, in which only a futile and exhausting intellectual research is left for activity. One knows instinctively, that most of these modern poets, forced, as they have been, to renounce spontaneous feeling, living in mechanical cities, trying to comprehend realms of knowledge so contradictory as to give no security, have no real grip on life at all. The most thoughtful of them realize clearly their own predicament, know that, without some faith, they must starve spiritually. The questions, which as poets they must answer, are the old ones: why are men

T. S. ELIOT
From a drawing by Powys Evans
(Courtesy the London *Bookman*)

born, wherefore do they live at all, where do they go? Today these questions seem unanswerable. No amount of intellectual tight-rope walking will enable the poets to answer them. What, then, is ahead? Without any ability to prophecy, the important poets of these past few years have completed their survey of this world and will not grant them any future in their concerning the world seen as a conflict of meaningless forces. Consequently Eliot's words "teach us to turn and not to turn; teach us to sit still" have become the modern poet's only prayer. And those to whom even a return to an orthodox religion is denied because such a return seems a moving backward of the hands of time, must sit still in the most vast, lifeless, and valueless desert men's eyes have ever stared upon.

Despite this constant picture of the desert and of sterility presented in poetry, literature will prove, as always, to be a flowing stream not to be damned for long. And now that the landscape of the war and of the post-war world has been analyzed, now that we have come, or so it would seem, almost to the end of drouth, now that signs of change are with us, a new school of poets must be ready somewhere with new themes. Where are these poets and what is their message?

Most of the college poets—and one might expect to find new voices among them—are very imitative. Some have grown up in the Millay tradition; some, especially those in the Eastern colleges, have grown up in the Eliot school. Very few have stepped forward into an expression of thought which can be said to be new. The amazing fact about college poets is that they can be very competent without being in the least unique or important. As editor of a national college verse magazine I have seen, in the past two years, very little poetry which indicates hope for the future of American poetry. Only two or three young poets have appeared who write with definite originality and excellence. These college poets are, as a whole, hopelessly isolated from the world; they are very young. They have not as yet felt deeply or taken much thought. Eliot and Crane were writing with amazing power when they were yet in their very early 'teens. Perhaps there are, hidden away somewhere, today young poets who are writing with the same easily discerned originality. Here and there among the young communists one finds, to be sure, an emotional force which in time may well be translated into a new literature.

But evidence comes in the English periodicals and in books from young poets there, that the "next renaissance" may take place in that country, that once again English poets may step far ahead of American poets. Only once did American poets hold the banner and that was during the period when all English artists were suffering from the war and from a post-war bitterness and disillusion. America, rather untouched by that psychology, was then a country of enthusiasms which found their expressions in poetry. Today, America is throttled by internal, economic conflicts, her poets of this chaos have nothing more to say, and no new group of young poets has appeared.

The young English poets who are coming into prominence have been influenced, quite as much as have our American poets, by Eliot. But to his teachings they have reacted with a difference. Erudite some of them are, and given somewhat to the use of allusions and quotations from earlier poets. They were rather too intellectual, as yet—all of them. But they have accepted, intellectually at least, a new creed, that of communism. They are seeing the world in a new light. They hold elements in their poetry are obscured by the still sceptical intellect. These poets have published through the Hogarth Press an anthology of prose and poetry, "New Country," and a perusal of this volume alone will give us their point of view. W. H. Auden, C. Day Lewis, Stephen Spender, Michael Roberts, and William Plomer are the chief contributors. We have had individual volumes of poetry from Auden, Lewis, and Spender (perhaps from some of the others, although I have not seen them) which announce the same general creed. All of these young writers have outgrown the indecision of the post-war years and look forward to another kind of world:

> I think, and the writers in this book obviously agree, that there is only one way of life for us: to renounce that system [the present one] now and to live by fighting against it. And that is not because we would sacrifice the present to the future, not because we imagine that the world which we shall help to make will be in any absolute sense "better" than the present, but because there is no other decent way of life for us, no other way of living at our best.

In these words from Michael Roberts's introduction we find stated the profound need of these poets to find new human values, to find a cause whereby they may live. And regardless of what one may think of any change in our political systems or governments, this emotional need for new faith and for new values is tremendous. Poets, like all other artists, are and always will be individualists, but they must have something to be individual about. And the present generation of older artists finds nothing. Today "the real statesmen and artists are in danger of having only the disconnected individuality of the lost sheep."

What kind of poetry do these young English poets give us? One cannot generalize with any accuracy about the work of the group as a whole; each artist's talent is his own. But all of them have certain attitudes in common. All of them register disgust with the world of the passing-present, even with their own attitudes encouraged in childhood by that world. All of them tend to satirize, not always artistically, the immediate past. All of them have become acclimatized emotionally to a highly mechanical and industrialized world. Many of these poets are, for example, taking their imagery from their own familiar experiences in flying. Most of them make a constant use of certain scientific words which have, by this time, an aura of emotional connotation.

But even this group of younger poets is intellectual, too intellectual to be deeply emotional. This is their great lack. Intellectually they have accepted new values, new ideas. Emotionally they are, as they themselves confess, somewhat deadened. The new values and the new ideas which they assert in their verses are not deeply a part of their subconscious desires, not so much intuitional as carefully and logically decided upon. Therefore, as in the eighteenth century, satire is the best medium for this new poetic expression. Therefore, poetic language is, as yet, quite artificial. There is not in any of this new poetry that fusion between intensely felt emotions and the image used to translate those emotions which is the earmark of all great poetry. This brief quotation from one of Stephen Spender's poems will indi-

> Where the mind dwells, intrigues, rests;
> The architectural gold-leaved flower
> From people ordered like a single mind,
> I build. This only what I tell:
> It is too late for rare accumulation
> For family pride, for beauty's filtered dusts:
> I say, stamping the words with emphasis,
> Drink from here energy and only energy,
> As from the electric charge of a battery,
> To will This Time's change.

For these younger English poets, Eliot's subject matter is the subject matter of a poet who has been defeated. They refuse to retire into a bookish past; they will not live in closets, religious or imaginary. Nevertheless, trained in a strict tradition, they cannot quite escape their own learning. They try, merely, to live in a real world as well as in a literary world and to relate the two worlds. Because this is a difficult task, they often fail. They are sometimes obscure, very often prosaic, sometimes given to overt propaganda. Nevertheless, they are out of the Wasteland, they seek new territory, and their poetry may be an indication of the poetry of the future.

One American poet only is akin to this group of younger English poets. Horace Gregory has much the same outlook and one advantage over any of them. For all of his historical outlook on life, for all of his obvious classical training, he remains more emotional than intellectual. He is, therefore, able to fuse deeply felt personal experience with social criticism. He marks a turning point in American poetry.

There is no better survey of what has been wrong with poetry for some eight or more years than A. E. Housman's essay, "The Name and Nature of Poetry." Without once applying his thesis to contemporary poetry, Housman, in defining his own position in poetry, his own judgments concerning it, has cleared away more critical nonsense with a stroke of the pen

American Spring

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

NOT with the steam of hazels softly swinging
Their powdery censers, nor with celandines
Aglow, nor with wild daffodils' rioting lines
Beside the hedge as if some god they were ringing
Up from the earth; not under feathery pines
Or naked birch, or gorse in ochre springing;
Or the dim bluebells over which go winging
White drunken butterflies; not these are our signs;

But the slow forest drowsing for day on day
On ice and rock, impenetrably old and black,
As watching to slay spring if it should come;
Then suddenly through its corridors pours a ray
Of red-hot metal from a cardinal's back,
And a stray branch puts out a torch of bright green flame.

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than any confirmed critic can build up soon again.

All English-writing poets have, since Eliot became the leading figure in poetry, worshipped the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This poetry, they found, was intellectual and therefore suited to their purposes. Housman, writing of the seventeenth century poets, says:

> There was a whole age of English in which the place of poetry was usurped by something very different which possessed the proper and specific name of wit; wit, not in its modern sense, but as defined by Johnson, a combination of dissimilar images or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike.

Writing of the eighteenth century poets he says:

> There is also such a thing as sham poetry, a counterfeit deliberately manufactured and offered as a substitute. . . . The human faculty which dominated the eighteenth century and informed its literature was the intelligence, and that involved, as Arnold says, some repressing and silencing of poetry, some touch to the imaginative life of the soul. Man ceased to live from the depths of his nature, he occupied himself for choice with thoughts which do not range beyond the sphere of the understanding.

These two brief quotations are thunderclaps of truth in a period when critics have praised wit, in the seventeenth century sense, and all such poetry as did not go beyond the sphere of the understanding. Within these past three years most modern poetry has taken on the attributes of, first, seventeenth century poetry, then, wearying of this, of eighteenth century poetry. Pope and even Johnson have been offered us as great poets. Emphasizing the intellect and the prosaic understanding in poetry, we have lost its emotional power. It is high time, it seems to me, that we realize, in Housman's words, "that the intellect is not the fount of poetry, that it may actually hinder its production, and that it cannot even be trusted to recognize poetry when produced." We shall have no great poetry until, following perhaps in the footsteps of Lawrence, we find ourselves whole again, tap again the deepest springs of feeling. If communism gives poets a rich emotional life, values by which to live, it may give the world fine poetry. But no scheme interpreted only through the intellect, seen only as a logical method of living, will do this. Somehow we must get back our spontaneity of feeling. Poets who have this spontaneity of emotional life will give us a totally different scene for living; the desert will flower.

The poets of the thirties are dying in the desert which they have painted. It is, in reality, impossible to prophesy what may happen next. But even as the poets of the romantic twenties were dismissed, the poets of the classical and rather sterile thirties will be, and soon. Housman, a much older poet than any of these, has exposed the modern poet's fallacies. Yeats, the greatest living modern poet, a man who has lived emotionally always, who has now the full weight of a lifetime of feeling and knowledge behind him, points to the truth, that the greatest poetry is not, and never will be, that of the mind only.

* *

Eda Lou Walton, a member of the English department of New York University, is author of "Jane Matthew and Other Poems," and the compiler of an anthology, "The City Day."

It is reported that John Galsworthy left £88,587. In his will he directed that no biography of himself should be published without the consent of his wife.

An Old Seadog Speaks

A MILLION MILES IN SAIL. The story of the sea career of Captain Charles C. Dixon. By John Herries McCulloch. New York: Dodd, Mead Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. McCULLOCH has done a good job with Captain Dixon's reminiscences. No fancy writing, a minimum of dramatization—the whole record, written in the first person, is terse and to the point, as if it had been set down by the old seadog himself. Nor is the title a figure of speech. Captain Dixon actually sailed more than a million miles in his various ships, and he gives figures to prove it.

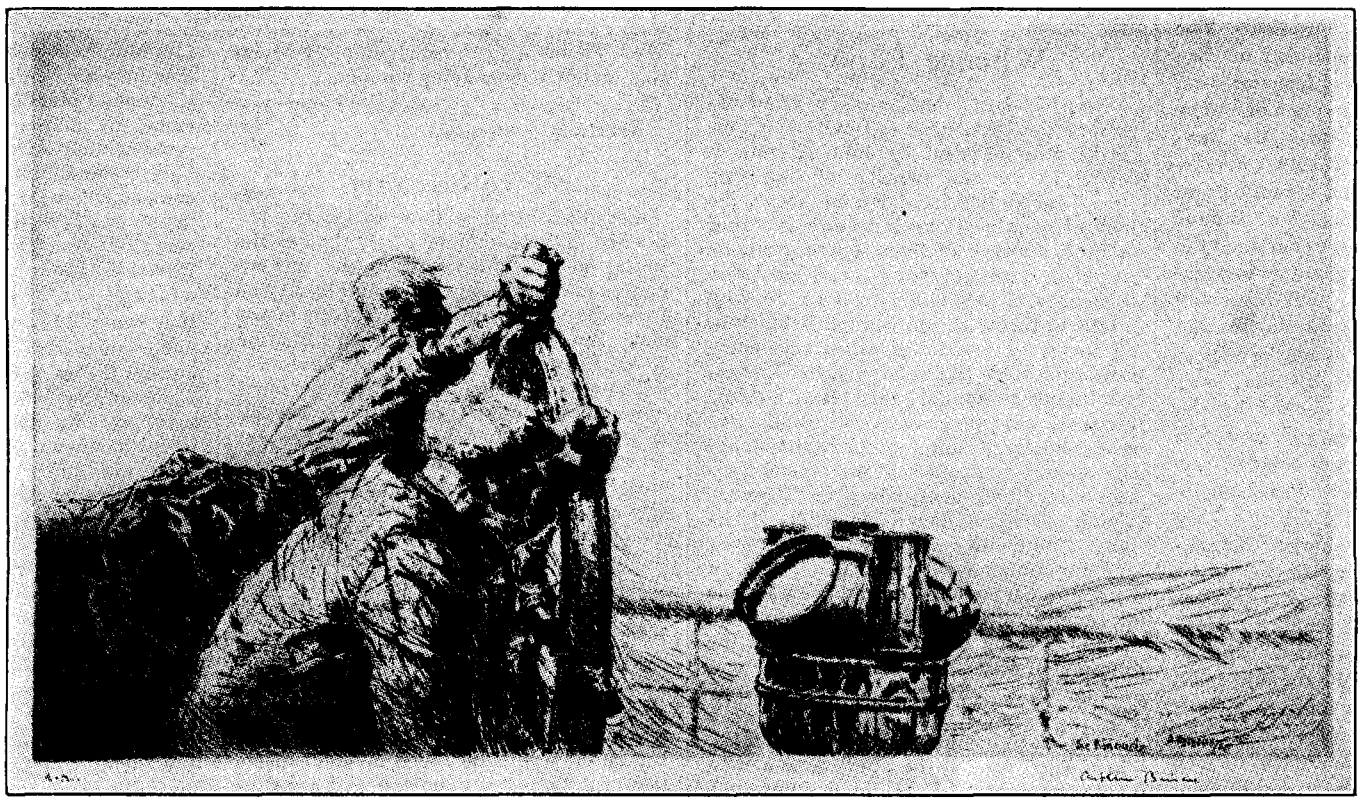
His father was a ship's master and his paternal grandfather a builder of ships. His mother was the daughter of a shipbuilder who took some of his own ships to far ports. He himself was born in a Nova Scotia seaport in the great days of the clipper ships, and he begins in his second paragraph with dirty weather in the Irish Channel, in 1881, when as a child, hanging to his mother's hand, he saw his father take the 900-ton barque *Vaughn* through a storm which was only weathered at last by cutting away the main and foremasts. From that moment on, through a narrative which the reader would gladly see twice its length, the record is one of constant action or of a ship master's shrewd and knowing comments on things done and the reason for doing them—Dixon's adventures as boy and man during the better part of a lifetime in sail and on voyages which take us through the appalling difficulties of rounding the Horn in a windjammer in heavy weather, into a South Sea typhoon, and give now and then glimpses of such idyllic tropical landfalls as that which carried Dixon and his men in the ship's gig across the outer coral reef of the island of Puka-Puka and into the still enchantment of its inner blue lagoon.

Of the more obvious romance of the old windjamming days, the landsman already has heard enough, and possibly too much. One of the things which Captain Dixon's narrative will bring home to him most impressively is the sheer misery—at least in the semi-humorous, negro sense of that word—of the old-fashioned sailor's unending fight with wind and sea. There were days and even weeks, of course, when the voyage was, comparatively, a sort of picnic. During his famous race home with the German training-ship *Herzogin Sophie Charlotte*, from Australia to the Straits of Dover, Captain Dixon's *Arctic Stream*, after clearing the Horn, sailed northward for 4,800 miles without changing a sail or hauling round a yard, and "we had everything up, including the royals." During intervals like these, there was no night work to be done, the regular watches slept on deck in the warm air, all hands washed out and dried their mouldy clothes, and in the dog watches gathered on the main hatch or the fo'c's'le head singing songs and spinning yarns.

But there were other days and weeks, beating around the Horn, in Antarctic weather, which were an unending fight for life itself—not the sort of "roughing it" in which a more or less athletic city man, well-fed, well-clothed, indulges during a brief vacation, but days and nights on end of immediate, deadly peril, of staggering physical exertion, fought through almost without sleep, on villainous food, always cold, always soaked, the whole ship all but buried under icy water, and no place for the sailor to go in his brief intervals off duty but a fo'c's'le where no fires were permitted and swashing with water. For the master, it was a battle calling for all his ingenuity, instinct, and acquired seamanship, and one the tactics of which might at any instant be changed by the cracking of a rudder-post, the loss of headway under a succession of mountainous seas, or the sudden sight, through the smother, of the rocks of a lee shore. For the men it must have been plain hell.

Dixon gives an excellent example in his two chapters on "One Night Off the Cape"—rounding Agulhas Bank and the Cape of Good Hope. The ship was making water fast, too fast for the hand-pumps, and it was Dixon's job, as one of the fo'c's'le hands, to help get and keep up steam in the donkey-engine room. The wind was of hurricane force; "forty foot seas raced down on us like toppling cliffs, in such wicked procession that the ship had no chance to get up. She lay over before the onslaught till her lee rails seemed to be fathoms deep." The sea roared right over the donkey-house, finally smashed one of the panels of the house and cascaded into the room. There was an explosion, the fire-door blew open and showered them with sizzling coals and boiling water—and of course, put the fire out. Now a landsman, in anything like similar circumstances, can almost always "send for somebody." Telephone the plumber, the carpenter—"where's the nearest garage?" . . . No such chance here, everybody busy somewhere else. Somehow the panel must be patched, the fire got going again, although all the fuel was awash. Over and over again they patched the house and laboriously got up steam; were again drowned out, again started all over from the begining, and somehow or other kept up enough of that *"Clank! Click! Clank! Click"* to save the ship, or at any rate do their part in saving it.

Sharks, icebergs, the heights of waves, temperatures, and various other seagoing phenomena are touched on in Captain Dixon's record. It is a sound and intensely interesting book.



THE BINNACLE
Etching by Arthur Briscoe ("Fine Prints of the Year, 1931"—Minton, Balch)

Then I Saw the Congo

CONGO SOLO. By Emily Hahn. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $2.75 net.

Reviewed by S. ZUCKERMAN

THERE had been no advance publicity. Anthropological societies, research foundations, and colonial offices had not been approached. Miss Hahn very simply and quietly took a boat to the west coast of Africa, drank and sang with entertaining French soldiers, sailed up the Congo River to Stanleyville, and thence made her way to a medical station in the heart of the Ituri forest. Here she spent several months helping her friend, a census and medical officer, and learning to know Congo officials, natives, and animals. When she finally decided to leave, she did so with a handful of black porters, and set out on a march to Dar-Es-Salaam which took nearly six months. All this she has told in the manner of a diary, with such delightful freedom and ease, and with such understanding of the people whom she met, that sometimes there seems reason to wonder if her Odyssey is a series of real experiences and not some fascinating fiction of interwoven lives.

Naturally, therefore, and fortunately for most of her readers, Miss Hahn's book is no Baedeker of the Congo. It does not tell exactly how to reach the Ituri forest, how to get together a safari, and what kind of trees make up an equatorial forest. But it soon gives the impression that journeys into the heart of the Congo are fairly straightforward if the wish to make them is strong enough, and that the forest is high and deep, dark and beautiful. These things are realized not with the jolt of determinedly given information, but in the same way that a picture gradually grows of Den Murray, Miss Hahn's Ituri host, as a tall, young, bearded person, and that it appears that Miss Hahn was on sufficiently intimate terms with the natives for them to borrow her money. In this unlabored fashion the book presents a variety of shrewd and fascinating facts about life in the Congo, about the intimate technique of African colonization and its effect upon the natives, and about the ways of animals. Quite clearly Miss Hahn could not have achieved this result had she not been both a trained observer and a skilled writer.

Her forest natives turn out to be backward, but yet very human beings. Forced to build roads, their villages moved from place to place at the will of white officials, and often going hungry for want of the food which in large part is supplied by their white overseers, they nevertheless maintain an optimism and a sense of humor not foreign to those of the white world. The women are full of interest in their appearance, in their dressmakers and their clothes; the men in their women and their cigarettes. The Congo officials turn out to be very ordinary people, at one moment friendly, at the next getting on one another's nerves, some understanding the natives, others blind to their point of view, a few realizing the political and economic significance of their work, others indifferent to all considerations except the one of exile from Europe. And even the animals assume vivid personalities under Miss Hahn's understanding treatment. In such wise, and with infinite grace in her acceptance of often wretched and trying experiences, did Miss Hahn see Africa.

* *

—Dr. Zuckerman is associate professor of comparative psychobiology at Yale University.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Tweedledum and Tweedledee

Perhaps the most bitter dose for those who have urged forceful "suppression," by means of the classical mechanics of class action, of the "iniquities" of the capitalist system is the ease with which the methodology of radicalism is turned against radicals. The communists who have depended on dictatorship, the suppression of free criticism, and the jailing of class enemies, were correct in their tactics so far as the Russian situation after October, 1918, was concerned. They were working with the grain of historical determinism—for Russia. But, alas for those who have cherished the nineteenth century victories for freedom of speech, Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini have learned all too well from the Marxist tacticians, and with no visible benefit to either the radicals or the liberals.

These comments are provoked by the action of Louis Rittenberg, who writes in a recent issue of *The American Hebrew and Jewish Tribune* to denounce Houghton Mifflin for publishing Hitler's "My Battle." Mr. Rittenberg charges Houghton Mifflin with "an attempt to cash in on the misery . . . of an important section of the human family." This seems to us so much nonsense. Had Houghton Mifflin refused to publish Hitler, they would have been doing the Nazi cause more good than selling hundreds of copies of "Mein Kampf" in translation. Fanaticism thrives on darkness. And if Hitler's autobiography is as idiotic, as full of pathological absurdities, as Matthew Josephson says it is in a pamphlet just issued by the John Day Company called "Nazi Culture: the Brown Darkness Over Germany," there is little to fear in the publication of "My Battle." Mr. Josephson, drawing upon one of the German editions of Mein Kampf," has portrayed a perfect sadist. If Americans want that sort of ruler, all the suppression in the world cannot keep them from it. On the other hand, if they remain civilized, publication of "My Battle" can only invoke disgust. Mr. Rittenberg would be better advised were he to eschew Fascist tactics. Playing Tweedledee to Hitler's Tweedledum only adds to the burden of the long suffering Caspar Milquetoasts which most of us are at heart.

Mr. Wilson On Marx

We're all for unlimited debate. More especially if it is as brilliant dialectic as that of Mr. Edmund Wilson in a recent issue of *The New Republic*. Mr. Wilson very neatly removes some current misconceptions as to the attitude of mind and knowledge of the leading communists of Russia and the action of the Communist party, and then proceeds to a statement of the reasons that lead him to believe that "a socialist society in America could not conceivably imply a cultural revolution describable as 'proletarian.'" It is his contention that the American pioneers, long before the Russian masses had even learnt to write their names, had produced a literature "of the common man's escape from bourgeois society," and that howsoever profoundly a socialist régime in the United States might modify culture, it could not make it "proletarian." America, he is assured, will not scrap all that it has produced of literature in the past. Surely the majority of his fellow-citizens will hope he is right, and with Mr. Wilson will feel it is futile to speculate as to the form changes in American culture may take. It is not our intention to summarize his article here; he who wills may read it in the issue of *The New Republic* for August 23. We merely wish to call attention to one of the sanest discussions of the so-called Marxist controversy to have appeared.

"I KNOW I FILED THAT MANUSCRIPT HERE"

Letters to the Editor: *Sports Slang and The Baseball Writer*

Whence Phony?

Sir: I had in mind to say a word regarding the "Sportsman's Lexicon" article in the July 22 issue, by John Kieran. It seems to me the passage of "sporting slang" he quotes from Byron hasn't the look of genuine slang but belongs rather to the *cant* type of lingo, current among gypsies and grifters—and probably thieves—and very likely gotten up with intent to throw the unwanted listener-in off the track respecting what was being communicated. His reference to "Lavengro" tends to support this view, I think. Further, according to some things I've read casually, it isn't impossible that about the same line of *cant* is in use among gypsies today; there is a quatrain in "Ulysses" which perhaps indicates as much. It begins: "White thy fambles, red thy gan, and thy quarrons dainty is . . ." and it occurs to Stephen as he watches a couple of gypsies ("the ruffian and his mort") tramping along the beach. I didn't get the impression from that that the argot was outmoded, esoteric as its application may be. . . . Come to think of it, "Booze in a ken" used not to be alien to these States; "lush ken" used to be applied to a type of drinking joint in pre-prohi times.

It also strikes me that baseball has a good deal of slang connected with it which is genuinely slang and not merely metaphor: to fan (out), to whiff, to walk, to clean the bases, to sacrifice, to bunt, to pole one out of the lot; three-bagger, Texas leaguer, pop-up; to wind up, to slip one right across the platter or pan, to get in the hot-box, to make a pick-up—these expressions may or may not now be in general use, or they may be used so matter-of-factly that they are no longer considered slang, but I believe all of them are actually slang in the genuine sense, and not rhetorical whimsies.

One slang expression that puzzles me, as to origin, is *phony*—is it derived from the telephone as that instrument is used in gyp schemes of various sorts? Maybe *hipodrome* (faked fight or wrestling bout) derives from the magnificent illusions which used to be put on at the Hippodrome in its palmy days. Money may be *sugar* because used to sweeten the pot in poker play. But where did the expressive expression *wallop* start from? Dukes, props, and mauleys used to be (and may be still, somewhere) names for fighting fists; lunch-hook needs no explaining. . . . Well, I'll have to think some more about this matter before going further.

MURRAY GODWIN.
Arrochar, Staten Island.

Two Streams

Sir: Two streams flow under the influence of imagination. First, that of the writer giving of himself to the written page, taking from his heart and brain and from the vast complicated pattern of society. Second, the transfer of this fixation to as many readers as the book finds.

There is another element, the percentage of transmission loss—writer to reader. A genius gets over more than he sets down. This is the magic of this second stream. Stupid as individual people usually are, in the mass they become extraordinarily wise if allowed time enough, judged by the books they continue to read through the years.

FELIX RIESENBERG.
New York City.

Hen or Egg

Sir: Dr. Calver's review of Sydenstricker's "Health and Environment" brings up again the much debated question of the relative importance of heredity and environment. In such discussions there is sometimes a tendency to oppose the one to the other as if they were incompatible, whereas they are really like a well-mated couple, coöperating and working in perfect harmony to realize the best possible development. No geneticist doubts the value of a favorable environment, but he also recognizes its limitations. Simple goitre is cited as a disease due to environmental conditions, a deficiency in the water and food supply, but in the Great Lakes district only a certain proportion of the inhabitants have goitre, while in regions, such as New York, in which there is no lack of iodine, simple goitre is not uncommon.

I believe it is better to speak of poverty as associated with, rather than as the cause of, sickness. On the Lower West Side of Manhattan the infant mortality and the mortality from tuberculosis are thirty-three percent higher than on the Lower East Side, although the economic status is similar.

The importance of hereditary factors is best seen in duplicate twins, that is twins developed from a single ovum. Reared apart they continue to resemble each other in almost every respect, whereas fraternal twins, those from separate ova, become more unlike as they grow older.

CHARLES HERRMAN, M.D.
New York City.

Bloody But Unbowed

Sir: I have known Henley only as a poet and have liked him. I was surprised to learn from Mr. Gregory's article of all his critical and personal sins. I wonder if it is true. I feel that in Mr. Gregory's attitude there is something of the Sinclair Lewisian determination to see all of the ills. Mr. Gregory seems too glad to condemn Henley—too eager to pass over achievements and get down to the dirt. It is really something to have discovered Alice Meynell and Austin Dobson and to have "ignited the smoldering reputation of George Meredith"; something to have ridiculed the Pre-Raphaelites, although this, according to Mr. Gregory, was really a sin, since, by giving them publicity, it increased their influence. It is something to have conducted a review "which made no compromise with cheap or merely popular taste" and "which had to its credit a list of contributors whose notoriety in letters has linked his age to ours." All of this is quite a bit and, in spite of Mr. Gregory's opinion, it is something to have admired Disraeli.

For all of this I can forgive him much and for the epic of his life and for his verse I can forgive him everything. "Go lovely rose" excuses Waller any amount of political inconstancy, and for me "The smell of the mud in the streets" and "A late lark twitters from the quiet skies" excuses Henley his bit of critical acerbity.

Henley is not covered with silence, nor will Kipling be when "The last Princeton senior writes in his name as his favorite poet." Both have contributed to our appreciation and understanding of life and both have put their marks, crudely perhaps, upon important aspects of it. I criticize Mr. Gregory, not for his facts, but for his emphasis. Carlyle sneered at Lamb, and Swinburne "spit upon" Carlyle. I still love Elia, revere Carlyle, and am intoxicated by Swinburne.

Chicago, Ill. JEROME HEAD.

Poisoning the Well

Sir: On a number of occasions *The Saturday Review* has spoken with forced glibness of "proletarian literature," a turnabout (to wit, any editorial of a year or so ago) from its former apologetics for bourgeois manners, etc. This hardly sincere tribute to the leftward swing of many old literary standpatters seems to have culminated in a pathetic attempt to combine favorable criticism of revolutionary ideas with a frantic effort to discredit these ideas in the same breath. Anyone with knowledge of modern political concepts—and the editors of the *Saturday Review* can be said by this time to have unavoidably assimilated a few (however much against their will)—cannot help being aware that the I. W. W. (two posters of this organization accompany the review of the symposium "Recovery through Revolution" favorably reviewed by Benjamin Stolberg in the July 1, 1933 issue) represents anarcho-syndicalist ideas considered as long ago having outlived their usefulness by the best revolutionary thought. As your readers no doubt recall, one of these posters bears the legend "Beware Sabotage. Good pay or bum work."

Any baby in politics knows that Marxists are irreconcilably opposed to sabotage on the part of individual workers in the shops. Communist workers for instance are supposed to perform their work honestly and efficiently. The proletariat coming of age and proud in the consciousness of its own worth has no need to lay down on the job behind the back of the boss, it values necessary social work too highly and the bosses too little to sanction infantile nose cutting.

The Saturday Review may be forced to give a verbal break to revolution, but it evidently sees to it that this bland eulogy has its secure little drop of pictorial poison.

Elizabeth, N. J. M. V. KAHN.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE FAULT OF ANGELS. By PAUL HORGAN. *Harpers.* The Harper prize novel, a tale of musical America.

A MILLION MILES IN SAIL. By JOHN H. MCCULLOCH. *Dodd, Mead.* The story of the career of an old seadog.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY: MODERN BRITISH POETRY. Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER. *Harcourt, Brace.* A one volume edition of two excellent anthologies.

This Less Recent Book:

BEVERIDGE AND THE PROGRESSIVE ERA. By CLAUDE G. BOWERS. *Houghton Mifflin.* A political history.

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Germany's Past

HISTORY OF GERMANY. By Hermann Pinnow. Translated from the German by Mabel Richmond Brailsford. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1933. $2.75.

Reviewed by EUGENE N. ANDERSON

THE reader need not expect this volume to measure up to the standard set by the short histories of our own country, of England, or of France. Germany has no Charles Beard or George Trevelyan, and her historians have neglected almost entirely the field of popularization. The number of the general histories of the country are surprisingly few, dull, and methodologically mid-Victorian. Up to the present time the Germans have not felt any need for them. History in Germany is still a monopoly of the upper classes, who do not read surveys; while the mob has to be content with the normal run of patriotic legends. The professional historians have nested so safely in the lap of the great god Research that they have not deigned to try their hands at popular writing. Or, when they have ventured out, they have produced a series of essays like Professor Haller's on the high spots of German history only, the sort of thing to stir up the patriotism of a conservative *gymnasium* student or to titillate the mind of a colleague. For the American reader uninitiated in the history of Germany, Haller's sketch is scarcely suitable, less so even than Henderson's two antiquated volumes. The work by Herr Pinnow is greatly superior to either, and provides the American public for the first time with a reasonably adequate introduction into Germany's past.

The author balances economic, cultural, and political history in a way such as we have come to expect, and has achieved an unusually compact volume. The parts on the rise of the middle class, the background of the Reformation, the age of classicism and romanticism, to give examples, are excellent, and show how rich the German past has been. Any one inclined to condemn the Germans as a pack of barbarians or their history as a story of mistakes and failures, should read at least these pages. In no other single book will he find portrayed the extraordinary emotional depth, creativeness, and enterprise of the Germans at certain periods in their past, or the full, natural way in which they have lived and developed. Neither a history of German literature nor one of purely cultural content gives quite the sense which this volume does of the sprawling roots of the greatest epochs, when capitalists, mystics, peasants, artists, religious reformers, every conceivable type, touched life together, coöperated, fought, and made Germany the amorphous thing she is. The author does not divide his material into discreet, text-bookish compartments, each virginal with respect to the other; he sees the connections between Kant and Schiller and the War of Liberation, between the Reformation and the rise of a new society, between Lessing and the bourgeoisie. And in explaining them he makes the reader aware of their complexity and richness without losing him in a fog. The curse of short histories is too many details; in these parts the author avoids that pitfall with rare success.

The same cannot be said of the pages devoted to political history. First, the author covers the barbarian tribes without stumbling over a name. Next come the emperors, and hardly a one is omitted. Otto III is there, Henry VII, Wenzel, and many another worthy only of the tomb. As for counts and dukes and lesser lords, they strut in and out at a bewildering pace, until, by the time Charles IV's nephew, Jost von Mehren, appears, the reader is hot with rebellion. Even a docile graduate student would not be expected to know Jost. Having tucked away the emperors, the author turns to the Hohenzollerns, and we do the last part of the Siegesallee. It seems as though conscience would not permit the omission of any of them. Each ruler is given a character sketch, of a length usually in keeping with his importance and often vividly phrased. Occasionally the author displays a liking for one of them, like Frederick Barbarossa, and, with a deft application of whitewash, makes him a hero. But since he feels bound to paint the portraits of two or three dozen emperors and kings, instead of two or three, he runs the risk of making them all look like wooden Wodans in a fog. Also the carefree manner in which he hops back and forth, around and across, from ruler to ruler, is confusing; and occasionally a name is offered without introduction. Whether the reader will be able to identify Daun as an Austrian general is a problem which will probably be solved by his not caring who Daun was. The four appendices will be of some help, and the reviewer advises frequent use of them and of a good map by anyone reading about German history for the first time, the second, or even the third.

The overabundance of detail is the mortal sin of Herr Pinnow in the political parts of the book, but there are venal sins, too. These discussions are, in general, not so carefully worked out or so interesting as the cultural and economic ones. They suffer from an omission of connections, a lack of succinctness, a looseness in synthesis. At times the statements are almost cryptic. Only a specialist could make sense out of the author's scanty description of the Prussian bureaucracy in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; certainly, the general reader will not gather from it the enormous importance of this institution. The summary of the political events in the last hundred years is an exception. It is unusually good, far superior to anything else in English or in German of so short a length. Critical accounts of this century such as Herr Pinnow gives, accounts which weigh the bad against the good and reveal the weaknesses of the pre-war social and political structure, are so rare that only two accepted German historians have really given them. The author's treatment of the post-war period is merely a sketch, and the volume ends with the year 1929. This chapter will have to be rewritten, since events have proved that Herr Pinnow was far too optimistic. About the peace of Versailles he remarks as follows:

> The victors added moral infamy and open shame to the crippling, robbing, and gagging of the vanquished enemy. And all this after they had with slight variations subscribed to Wilson's Fourteen Points, which promised a peace of justice and reconciliation as the basis for the conclusion of peace.

It may interest the American reader to know that Herr Pinnow condemns the pre-war leaders and militarism, praises the constitution of 1919 and President Ebert, believes in the League of Nations, and approves of a Pan-European union. This is an attitude which the American public has often failed to comprehend, and the reviewer knows of no other volume which will enable it to approach and appreciate the German people with more understanding than this. When one reads about the intolerance of the Nazis, one should not forget that this democratic, fair-minded book was produced as late as 1929 and that it is still a part of Germany.

Eugene N. Anderson is assistant professor of history at the University of Chicago.

"After standing empty for many years, the small country villa on the shores of Lake Lucerne at Triebschen where Richard Wagner lived from April, 1866, till 1872 has been turned into a Wagner Museum," says the London *Observer*.

"In this house, to which Wagner and Cosima von Bulow fled after the hectic Munich years, the composer finished the 'Mastersingers,' 'Twilight of the Gods,' etc. The many distinguished visitors to this house, where Wagner spent some of his happiest days, included King Ludwig II., Hans von Bulow, Franz Liszt, Nietzsche, and Malvida von Meysenburg.

"Cosima Wagner's 'I like pictures better than books' is reflected in the large number of pictures which fill the walls. There are also many statues, books, and musical manuscripts. A working house jacket and the silk beret of Wagner are here too.

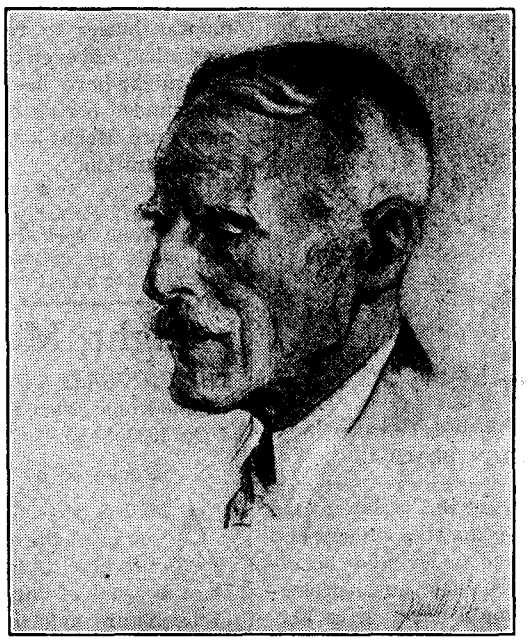
"Siegfried Wagner was born in this house."

Whose Ox Is Gored?

MELLON'S MILLIONS, The Biography of a Fortune. The Life and Times of Andrew W. Mellon. By Harvey O'Connor. New York: The John Day Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THIS book is in the Great Tradition of muck-raking. Harvey O'Connor does not pander to trivial tastes; he is as far from the snickering, "always belittlin' " school of muck-raking as he is from the puff sheet variety of fawning journalism so popular in the 'twenties, when business was priding itself on business administrations in Washington. The story here unfolded is rightly called "Mellon's Millions, the Biography of a Fortune," for the accent is never very personal. Andrew W. Mellon remains almost as aloof through these four hundred pages as he did in the life before his name was mentioned in *The New York Times* in 1921 for the first time. Mr. O'Connor merely quotes from the record, dovetails information that may or may not belong together (it is up to the reader to relate cause and effect), and lets it go at that. Underneath the objectivity, of course, one can sense an equalitarian passion that would have offended the Ulster immigrant boy, Thomas Mellon, founder of the fortune. Judge Mellon always believed in the maxims of Poor Richard; and his son, Andrew, who adapted the mercantile Franklin's philosophy to the age of the giant corporation and the banker in industry, could hardly be expected to voice approval of Mr. O'Connor's philosophy. But for all that, Mr. O'Connor's method is as "scientific" as is humanly possible. It is the method of Ida Tarbell's "Story of Standard Oil"—fully documented, with sources indicated, appendices added, and conjecture set forth as conjecture.



ANDREW MELLON
Drawing by S. J. Woolf. From "Drawn from Life" (Whittlesey House)

The reading of "Mellon's Millions" is difficult, but it is absorbing. It would take one of Senator Norris's "spider-web" charts to set forth the ramifications of Mellon influence, as indicated by Mr. O'Connor, and only a prodigy could possibly reproduce the interweavings and cross-stitchings of the chapters from memory. But in the end the outlines are reasonably clear. Andrew W. Mellon became rich beyond the most fantastic dreams of his father through simple observance of four of Stuart Chase's sixteen ways of becoming rich in a price-and-profit economy. The Mellon Aluminum Company of America got what Mr. O'Connor describes as a virtual stranglehold on aluminum deposits. "The creation of an artificial monopoly" is Mr. Chase's Rule No. 1. In the early days of commercial production of aluminum, the Mellon interests were aided by control of patents. Chase's Rule No. 2 is "the tying up of a patent or a secret process." Rule No. 9 in Mr. Chase's ironic advice to Young Bulls on America is "speculating in land and natural resources." Thomas Mellon, good mercantile banker, bought and sold Pittsburgh property with assiduity over a period of many years; and the constant predilection of the Mellons for taking "underlying mortgages" on valuable property has assured them of plums in periods of foreclosure and general business distress. Henry George would have read Mr. O'Connor's pages on the growth of land values in Pennsylvania with an "I told you so" to the paragraph. The fourth general method of becoming rich, as used by the Mellons, is the traditional method of the investment banker, as described by Justice Brandeis in his "Other People's Money." The twelve other methods outlined by Mr. Chase do not fit very well into the Mellon scheme of things. While they are not the methods of pikers, they lack the safety of methods 1, 2, 7 and 9. Andrew W. Mellon, Mr. O'Connor tells us, has always mixed caution with boldness. In the days of his unofficial partnership with Henry Clay Frick, Mellon was ballast to Frick's wide-ballooning sails. The ship sailed far.

"Mellon's Millions" is an excellent literary microscope for those who wish to observe the activity that goes on in a money-culture. One could almost construct a history of the depression from source material in these pages. Virtually every contradiction of the world of modern industrialism is thrown into bold relief by the O'Connor reporting. The Roosevelt administration would do well to investigate some of the problems raised unconsciously by Mr. O'Connor in connection with the New Deal. It may be practicable for the NRA administrators to end brutal competition within a specific industry. The record of the Aluminum Company of America proves that stabilization within an industry is quite feasible. But the question of competition between industries of a dissimilar nature which have interlocking aspects is going to be difficult, as Mr. O'Connor's pages prove. For example, it is to the interest of aviation manufacturing companies to obtain cheap aluminum. Henry Ford would like cheap aluminum. If it can be shown that cheap mass production cars, manufactured in such volume as to assure adequate consumption of labor power in Detroit, depend on low cost metal, and that low cost metal means hardship for workers in the mines and rolling mills and reduction plants of Pennsylvania and elsewhere, just how is the balance to be struck? It is here that the New Deal encounters difficulty—and Mr. O'Connor's book, rightly welcomed, must go far towards casting the requisite calcium glare on essential problems. Mr. O'Connor is, therefore, a public servant.

It matters a lot, of course, whose ox is gored. Those who wish to attack Mr. O'Connor would do well to fall back on philosophical principles. If the reader believes that taxes in the higher income brackets should be low, in the interests of preserving aggregates of capital for the future development of the country, then why not fight it out along philosophical lines? Philosophical principles being matters of assumption, one set is as good as another for argumentative purposes. If you believe, as Judge Thomas Mellon did, in the principles of individual striving for gain, then there can be nothing very wrong with any of the practices described in this book; competition inevitably breeds Mellon methods. Conversely, when Mr. O'Connor is accused of being party to "literary racketeering," a philosopher of the anti-Mellon persuasion will translate this as meaning, in essence, "I don't agree with your set of first principles."

John Chamberlain covered the Senatorial coal investigation which is the subject of chapter twelve and appendix five of "Mellon's Millions" for The New York Times *in* 1928.

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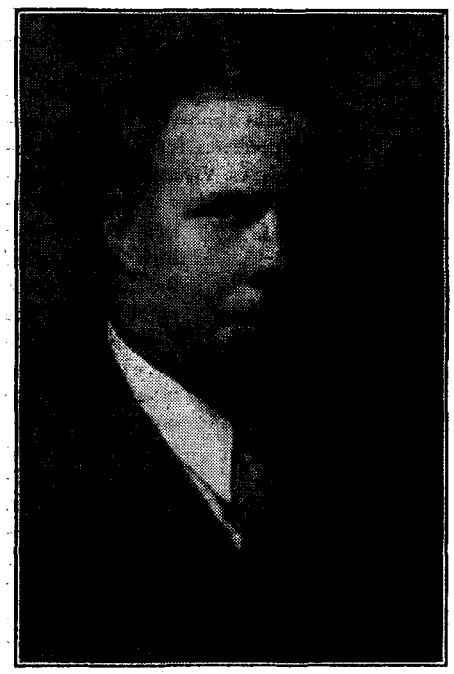
Before Machado Fell

(*Continued from first page*)

despotism, tyranny, and oppression, officially supported by Washington in the interests of certain powerful American financial, sugar, public utility, and mining groups. Ground down into economic vassalage by native overseers really speaking for American capitalists, the Cubans gradually deteriorated into a race of serfs. They looked to the United States for everything, feared to revolt against the slave-drivers lest the "Colossus to the North" disapprove, and developed an inferiority complex which undermined their nationhood.

Some passages in Mr. Beals's book might indicate that he had given way to a



CARLETON BEALS

feeling of despair over this situation, and had come to believe that the Cubans had become so weakened under what he regards as our paternalistic quasi-protectorate, that they could never drive Machado out by their own efforts. If this was so, it must have been only a temporary reaction; for the whole story which he tells of the determined resistance of the Cuban students and the A. B. C. secret society throughout all the years of the Machado reign of terror, points the other way. Cuban youth lost every battle except the last one; but the more they were defeated, the more their comrades and classmates, brothers and friends, were persecuted, hunted down, imprisoned without trial, held incommunicado, tortured, deported, exiled, murdered by the infamous *ley de fuga* of the secret police and La Porra, the more resolute they became to remove Machado. There was no room for defeatism among youth who had endured so many sacrifices, and had shown themselves ready for all sacrifices, for the sake of liberty and freedom.

Finally, when they were allowed to take matters into their own hands without interference from Washington, they showed a capacity for action which must be taken into consideration in the future. They fully justified Mr. Beals's faith, expressed or implied in his more hopeful passages, in their potential ability to solve their own problems in their own way if released from the fetters of non-revolution imposed upon them by this government in the past. If the Cubans had an inferiority complex, they discarded it on August 12, 1933, the day of the fall of Machado.

No American writer is better informed than Mr. Beals on all the causes, political, economic, and social, of Cuba's internal troubles, and of the problems of Cuban-American relations. In his book the reader will find the whole story, all the facts, fully documented, of the Cuban situation, including the links between economic imperialism here and political despotism there.

But the burning indignation of his propagandist zeal for social justice, and perhaps a subconscious disposition to the belief that pessimism is necessarily more realistic than optimism, has led Mr. Beals astray in some of his conclusions. For example, he seriously misinterprets the attitude of the Roosevelt administration toward Machado. Citing the connections of Secretary of the Treasury Woodin, Secretary of Commerce Roper, Owen D. Young, and Norman H. Davis with our economic stakes in Cuba, through complicated interlocking directorates, loans, and investments, he builds up a beautifully logical case that President Roosevelt and Ambassador Welles were really trying to keep Machado in power by economic aids to the sugar industry, in order to further the aims of American economic imperialism.

The trouble with this theory is simply that it ignores the fact that Roosevelt sent Welles to get Machado out, not to "buttress him in power." The real logic of the situation was this: peace and order in Cuba were essential to American interests, both moral and material; and there could be no peace and order while Machado remained in power. The Roosevelt administration understood this, as shown by all the acts and statements of the President and Mr. Welles in connection with the mediation, especially by Washington's refusal to grant economic aid until political peace was assured, and by Ambassador Welles's demand for Machado's withdrawal when the crisis came. No doubt it would have taken at least six months longer to remove Machado by mediation, and even then armed intervention might have been necessary; but no fair-minded person hereafter should impute a pro-Machado taint to the Roosevelt administration.

Russell B. Porter, a member of the staff of The New York Times, *went to Cuba and made an exhaustive study for his paper of the situation there last January.*

Light, More Light

THE UNIVERSE OF LIGHT. By Sir William Bragg. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by HAROLD WARD

AMONG physicists there is an epigram to the effect that light is the darkest thing in the universe. Dark because of our still vast ignorance of its nature and since, because of the radiation phenomena which it typifies, we actually *see* so minute a range. On the familiar analogy of a keyboard the "waves" of electromagnetic energy thus far known begin on a "treble" represented by the cosmic rays, so "hard" that they can penetrate sixteen feet of solid lead or nearly two hundred feet of water before being absorbed. Next come about nine octaves of X- and gamma-rays, followed in order by five octaves of ultra-violet light, one of visible light, nine of the heat radiation known as "infra-red" light, seventeen of Hertzian waves, and eleven octaves of the very long wave-lengths used in wireless and radio transmission.

Out of fifty-three, possibly more, octaves of radiation the human eye is sensitive to only one somewhere about the middle of the gigantic keyboard from which, it would appear, nature draws her own authentic music of the spheres. To read about light is, therefore, to get at the very heart of nature's well-kept secrets, and few guides are so competent and so lucid as Sir William Bragg.

The present volume carries one of the highest recommendations possible in any scientific work offered for the layman: the substance of it was given as the 1931 Christman Lectures before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. To say that this series of lectures was inaugurated by Michael Faraday and that the standards he set have been exacted from three generations of the finest scientific talent in England is a guarantee of excellence not only with regard to the material presented but in clarity and charm of treatment. Those who remember Sir William's book, "Concerning the Nature of Things" (also given originally as the Royal Institution Lectures in 1923) will need no further incentive to read the handsomely illustrated volume now before us.

The ground is cleared for leisurely exploration by an initial chapter on the Nature of Light, in which we are introduced to the peculiar behavior of waves in general, the illustrations being taken from the analogy with water waves first popularized by Silvanus P. Thompson. Mirror-phenomena are largely drawn upon, and we learn a little about Images, Reflection, Lustre, and Binocular Vision. This leads to a chapter on the Eye and Vision, in the course of which physiology and physics are shown playing many tricks upon our "knowledge" of the external world. Next in order comes Color, and here we need all our attention, for it is difficult to realize that, in themselves, wave-lengths are absolutely colorless, deriving this "secondary character" entirely from the response of the human eye to the physical facts of absorption and emission. The spectroscope is here in evidence, aided by two plates in color and numerous diagrams to show the effect upon radiation of crystal formations, atmospheric disturbances, temperature, and other variables. Films and various kinds of surfaces are discussed, illustrating how, from minute causes, prominent effects may come. Such questions as "Why is the sky blue?" are answered; and an entire chapter on the polarization of light will assist the attentive reader to overcome his fear of hard words: although it must be admitted that a capacity for geometrical reasoning is assumed throughout.

Stellar problems are summarized in a brief chapter which tells us how our instruments steal not only fire but light from the furthest depths of the cosmos. Of more immediate interest are the final chapters, in which are discussed Röntgen and X-rays, crystal-analysis, the photo-electric effect, and the theoretical contradictions imposed by the wave-corpuscle dualism in radiation phenomena. At this point, where so many philosophers have gone astray, Sir William remains quite calm: the discrepancy, for him as for all properly trained scientists, is less the result of anything hopelessly irrational in the universe than a product of human limitations, further complicated by technical barriers imposed by our instruments and by the fact that all radiation beyond the wave-lengths of *visible* light is obviously not susceptible to direct examination.

Middletown with Trimmings

(*Continued from first page*)

chester; deviousness is always a sorrow to Nina, and when finally it results in a murder of extreme sordidness, Nina gives up.

PAUL HORGAN

"The Fault of Angels" is well plotted, well written, well characterized—particularly in the case of Nina; it is emphatically a book to be recommended and read. Indeed, it is so good that one wishes it were altogether first rate, for there are some things in it which do not quite come off. Nina is portrayed with so rich a sympathy that there is very little of it left over for the other characters, and while many of them come to life, a few, like Mr. Ganson, Mrs. Kane, and the unsuccessful hanger-on, George Lane Doore, remain in two dimensions. Mr. Horgan does much more justice to the characters he likes than to those he does not, and his partisanship weakens his satire. This partisanship is embodied in the character of John O'-Shaughnessy, from whose point of view the story is told, and with whom the author seems to identify himself; and John's unrequited love for Nina is irrelevant and overemphasized. Other incidents are irrelevant to the main structure, but mostly they have the virtue of adding richness to the story.

The extent to which "The Fault of Angels" is a *roman à clef* is a question which will inevitably be raised and discussed by those who are interested in it. Dorchester and the musical philanthropies of Mr. Ganson can hardly escape comparison with Rochester and the benefactions of Mr. Eastman. This reviewer, who has no inside information, gets the impression that the similarity is principally one of situation; that few if any of the chief characters are drawn from life; that certain of the minor characters—the unconvincing ones—probably are; and that in any case it is a side issue, because Mr. Horgan has added enough in imagination and craftsmanship to produce a comedy which applies to American social life generally. The millionaire who runs his musical enterprises on the same business-like basis as his factories; the *nouvelle riche* with the skeleton in her closet; the landlady with a past; the plutocratic social structure which nevertheless includes people of intelligence and charm; all of these, and the whole flavor of the life, are American. So American, in fact, that it raises the question why the scene which has attracted Mr. Horgan has been, in comparison with the farm and the proletariat, for instance, so neglected. For "The Fault of Angels" is one novel which the reader does not feel that he has read before. The Harper prize is a distinguished award, and it has a distinguished recipient.

Edward Cornelius is a book reviewer who has lived in musical circles both in America and abroad. He has been a contributor to various reviews since 1922.

Living History

HAVEN'S END. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

PERHAPS because he makes money by writing for George Horace Lorimer, Mr. Marquand has not been taken so seriously by critics as he deserves. This is an admirable and entertaining history of three centuries of a New England town, done with great skill even though it is made up of a dozen short stories which had their magazine publication over a space of three or four years. If Hergesheimer, for instance, had done it, more dully and with an infinite cluttering of detail, it would perhaps be treated with some approach to the proper respect; and the mere fact that its author has not yet won the distinction that Hergesheimer earned by his early work should not deprive him of due recognition.

The bright thread in the woven history of the town of Haven's End was furnished by the Swales, descended from Colonel Richard Swale, Esq., Gent., Armiger, and so on, first magistrate of the original plantation. Through three hundred years the Swales, till at last the male line died out, remained of a piece — stubborn, often stupid, but with instincts and a manner that no one not a Swale could synthesize. Continually tangled with their history is that of the descendants of the rude Goodman Scarlet, whom the first Swale sent to the whipping post for a perfectly correct comment on a Swale blunder; and the Scarlets, human, practical, kindly, never could resemble the Swales, even though they eventually could appreciate them.

Whether the actual history of the rise and fall of families would support a general thesis that gentlemen are likely to remain gentlemen through three centuries of ups and downs, and that yokels cannot get rid of their yokelry through three centuries of gradually rising prosperity, may be doubted. But Mr. Marquand is writing fiction, not statistical sociology; he convinces you that his thesis is true for his Swales and his Scarlets, which is all that matters. "Living history" is a term worn threadbare by overuse, but that is precisely what this book is; sound history, with the ebb and flow of social, economic, and intellectual forces dramatized in generation after generation by the histories of authentic, salient, and spirited men and women.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

UNASKED ADVICE

OH, he who loves a mermaid
Must learn to hold his breath;
In case she should refuse him
He'll long at first for death.
But as on shore so in the main
A man may want to try again.

Then let him woo a dryad
For though their looks be wild
He'll find she feeds pet squirrels
And is at heart a child.
It's true enough no dryad sings
But then they're wise in quiet things.

Never forget that merfolk
Are changeable and fey—
I know a fellow wed one—
It seems like yesterday.
He gave her such a happy home—
One morning she was only foam.

Good dryads seldom act so.
Each trips a fickle foot
But some are known to tarry;
From time to time they root.
Unless she's suffered some relapse,
The one I love loves me—perhaps.

HUGH WESTERN.

Mitchell Kennerley, going through old files, has found some charming verses by Bliss Carman. He allows me to print this, which Carman wrote in M. K's copy of *More Songs from Vagabondia*. The book itself is in the library at Vassar.

Crossing the Bar

Sunset and good cigar,
And a great thirst on me;
And may my friends be loafing at the bar,
When I go in to see.

Not such a crowd as laughing seems to weep,
Too full to move or roam;
But fellows who will put me soft to sleep,
When I go home.

Midnight and potent smell,
And after that some doubt;
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I go out;

For though within this bright seductive place,
My dollars go not far,
I never more shall see them face to face,
When they have crossed the bar!

BLISS CARMAN.

A Letter of Directions to the Grave and Hut-site of Henry Thoreau

SIR: As a citizen of no mean State, that is, New England, we regret that Christopher Morley, during a recent visit to Concord, and on an empty stomach, could find neither the final resting place of Thoreau nor his potato hole at Walden Pond. We advise C. M. on his next visit to come by way of Chapel Hill and bring Prof. Raymond Adams, of the University of North Carolina, along. We propose Prof. Adams as guide and informer because he is the most learned Thorovian extant, so we think. At Concord C. M. will be taken to Sleepy Hollow cemetery on the Bedford Road, through the ONE WAY entrance, to the north side of the cemetery and on to the Ridge Path and shown a pink boulder, Emerson's, and a red boulder, Thoreau's, and nearby, Louisa Alcott's and Hawthorne's graves.

At Walden C. M. must hitch his car to a tree and toot the horn twice; first for "How dry I am," then transpose the notes and toot again, this time "Sweet Adaline." The tooting is to placate the shades of Indians whose path must be traversed to reach the hut-site. While in the neighborhood of pop stands and bathing pier at the north end of the Pond dark glasses should be worn to shut out disturbing influences and help one maintain a calm indifference to sordid externals. We feel sure C. M. took none of these precautions on his first visit. Prof. Adams will show the way down the old Indian path along the west shore of the Pond. Shades of Indians still tread the path and it is best to step aside when an Indian is met lest one pass through the Indian. At times the path is high above the Pond surface and if from the high places C. M. thinks he sees wiggling snakes deep down in the clear water we can assure him it is only white birch limbs and a ripply water surface. In a little opening among the pines and forest undergrowth at the south end of the Pond is a cairn and, alongside, a great boulder, not native to its present location. On the boulder is a large bronze tablet telling why the boulder is there. Close to the cairn, at the base of a tall pine, we once dug from the sod a second-hand brick-bat. Henry's fireplace and chimney were built of second-hand bricks, and so— But the cairn and boulder and tablet and brick-bat do not mark the Hut-site. The Professor will conduct C. M. into the underbrush nearby and show him where the hut really was built and the cellar hole where Henry kept his winter supply of potatoes.

During the summer of 1931 Prof. Adams and Mr. Raymond Emerson, grandson of Ralph Waldo, placed four granite posts marking the corners of the hut, up the hill and to the left of the cairn. The cellar hole still exists and it is the hope of Prof. Adams that soon the forest growth will fill the hole and cover the site and conceal it from the pop stand patrons, bathers and Sunday picnic sleepers, and so avert the candy- and sandwich wrapper catastrophe that has overtaken the British soldiers' graves at the North Bridge.

NB: For elucidation of obscure passages in the above see *Sat. Rev. of Lit.*, Aug. 5, 1933, pp 30 and 36

J. A. H. SR.

We'll Inquire

I remember that five years ago you gave the ranking of the first 10 States in their number of *Saturday Review* subscriptions. It stood then: N. Y., Calif., Penna., Mass., Ill., Ohio, N. J., Conn., Michigan, Texas.

Won't you ask your Bus. Mgr. to tell us how they rank now? Some of us here in Michigan have been hoping to improve our standing in the league.

J. A. R.

Owosso, Mich.

No Trespassing

Three weeks ago I was prowling about the sand dunes of North Truro, looking for Corn Hill (which specializes in fine sunsets) and came across a square old brown church, not only closed but labeled "NO TRESPASSING. Per order of Neighborhood Club." (I haven't quoted the sign correctly.) It was one of four that I could see from the hill. Right away I could imagine the neat and clever essay that might suggest. I shall have to leave it to you to understand why I write this down.

Am a great admirer of the S. R. L. but I must admit the part I read first is the column of nonesuch ads. I spend hours trying to visualize the sort of person who could possibly write them. There was one a few months back that had me frantic—all about somebody meeting someone under the stairs of the Grand Central. I was tempted to hop a train and be present just in case. . . .

JUNE WASSON.

Holyoke, Mass.

From a Bookbuyer

It seems to me there is a most curious psychology relative to the metamorphosis of a book-lover. He—or she—reads indiscriminately, chooses a favorite or two, buys a set of their works, handsomely bound of course, drifts into limited editions bound in stylish format, from that point turns to first editions and signed copies and ends up back with his old friends, discovering that Roger Mifflin—for example—propounds his theories just as wittily and enthusiastically in boards as in hand-tooled, full calf quartos.

W. A. COLESCOTT, JR.

Germantown, Pa.

Permanence

I know your interest in sociology, don't you think the Green should preserve for Postremity (by the way, *is* the S. R. L. printed on time-defying paper?) this picture of a Young Woman of MCMXXXIII? I don't know where it came from, but I

MEDUSA, 1933

like it. At any rate the paper the S. R. L. uses will last longer than this Permanent.

W. S. H.

From a Bookseller

The English bookseller with a traditional body of buyers and collectors may thrive on the circulation of catalogues of titles with physical descriptions and prices. In this country where a similar body is only in the formative stage, to approach potential clients with a catalogue of English pattern is to make the most interesting merchandise in the world appear so dull that the dealer mainly succeeds in adding to the bulk of waste-paper. Where so many persons buy what they do not ask for (chocolate for a bracer, yeast for a bowel regulator, high-proof whiskey for a tonic, and so on) I believe that books must be sold for Entertainment if bookselling is to thrive or even survive. My initial effort in this form, apparently the first of its kind, has found wide favor and I hope that in better times the idea will be adopted by booksellers in general. The national clientele may thus be greatly increased beyond the present one-half of one per cent of our population.

RAYMOND L. THOMSON.

1659 Troy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bryn Mawr Club

Rooting through some old papers, I was amused to find some derelict chapters of a jocose novel (about Dove Dulcet, the literary agent) which Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday and I were writing in the year 1916.

One episode was laid in the Bryn Mawr Club, which certainly neither Mr. Holliday nor myself had ever seen. The imaginary description of it gave me rather a grin. As I'm taking this week off, I'll reprint it:—

Promptly at one o'clock that day Miss Cynthia Grant ascended the smooth swept steps of the Bryn Mawr Club on Madison Avenue to meet Miss Hilda Philpot. They generally lunched together one or two days a week, and Miss Philpot often spent her Sundays in the Grant home on Park Avenue where she was welcomed as one of the family.

Miss Grant, not less than Mr. Dulcet's secretary, was fair to see. Gowned in a sports suit of Palm Beach cloth, écru, under a lattice work hat such as was the mode at that time, she carried herself with instinctive grace and modesty. She had served as the raw material for some dozen or so of her father's novels, ever since she was fifteen; but in spite of this she was charmingly naive and unspoiled. Her manners were so delicious, her whole bearing so girlish and so dainty, that as someone maliciously said, she might just as well never have been to college. Her small brown shoes encased in sandy spats carried her trippingly up the steps, and she entered the club.

The Bryn Mawr Club, whose interior no man has ever profaned since its opening, deserves a few words of unimpeded description. The main lounge, where Cynthia sat down to wait for her friend, was decorated in a pale, pale blue, with some very desirable etchings by Fichu and Jabot. I have understood too (from the architect of the building, who is a friend of mine) that the chimneypiece is an authentic Batiste, but that seems hardly likely. The owl of Minerva, the emblem of chaste wisdom, is introduced into the scheme here and there, as a leit-motif. The grand staircase which ascends from the lounge to the assembly room, is charmingly decorated with panels of embroidery and rose colored voile. The taproom, where Miss Grant could see several of her friends talking over nut sundaes, is a pleasing symphony in corded piqué, with insertions of cambric and velour. Probably the most interesting feature of the club to a musician, however, is the organdie loft where there is an original portrait of the Duchess of Nainsook, painted during her freshman year.

A Debt

You and I are strangers, total strangers, but I feel that you owe me $4.50 Cash. I am a great reader of all your books, and in *The Haunted Bookshop*, that's where you got into my debt. On page 74 of that book you extol a book by Hardy, *The Dynasts*. Your praise is so strong that I ordered a copy, imagine my chagrin when I got the bill, 4.50 and my bitter disappointment in the character of the book, why it's a war play and certainly would be irksome reading for me. Oh well it's a member of my Library now, but not worth its shelf space to me. I could have bought several Zane Grays and a Marie Corelli for its price. Live and Learn, the older I get, the more firmly convinced I become that Barnum was right.

L. E. D.

Shawnee, Kansas.

Lewis Chase, Box 354, Hendersonville, N. C., writes that he and S. Foster Damon are preparing a *Life and Works of Thomas Holley Chivers*, to be published by Brown University. He asks me when and how I first heard of Chivers. I was familiar with his name as an associate of Poe, but I believe it was Huneker's brief note (in *The Pathos of Distance*) which first impressed on me that Chivers was also a poet of extraordinary though erratic gifts.

Mr. Chase adds that he will be greatly interested to hear from Chivers addicts. There can't be many, but I'll warrant that they are unusual. Like everyone who ever heard of Chivers I have occasionally—in the intervals of much more pressing agitations—wondered what on earth are *Eonchs of Ruby* (the title of one of his books.)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

According to John o' London's Weekly, Ruskin's retreat from the world which he fought and taught, though not in vain, Brantwood, with its grounds stepping down to the margin of Lake Coniston, and close to mountains to which Ruskin always turned when his passionate pleading with the world seemed to fail, has been bought on behalf of the Education Trust by Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, president of the Ruskin Society, to be kept as a permanent memorial to a man whose greatness has yet to be properly assessed.

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Just published

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by Klaus Mehnert

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Thomist Philosophy

THEONAS, CONVERSATIONS OF A SAGE. By Jacques Maritain. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MARITAIN is a Thomist. "I do not claim that the development of philosophy ceased at Aristotle or St. Thomas. I believe only that their principles are true and that those principles radiate in all directions throughout the real, so that every new truth will, of necessity, be in at home in Thomism." The *philosophia perennis* is the philosophy of common and further developed by St. Thomas Aquinas. It is continuous but not static. Progress that discards the old is a myth, and "out of date" a scarecrow for thought. Thomism is not reactionary. "In my opinion it is to Thomism alone that the privilege belongs of reconciling metaphysics and the natural sciences. . . ."

It is no uncommon achievement to know something of Aristotle directly as well as indirectly. The "Politics" and the "Ethics" are seen on newsstands in popular editions. They are hard reading, the bones and sinews of thought, possibly only digests of the great man's lectures. To the best of our recollection his "Athenian Constitution" is the most readable Aristotle. But how many know anything directly of St. Thomas, still less have climbed the steep summit of the "Summa Theologiæ"? M. Maritain says that in these two abides the *philosophiæ perennis,* the philosophy of common sense, the rock bottom of the whole matter. The layman may have only an indirect impression, but that impression is of a certain hard-headed solidity in both men. Taking his stand on this *philosophia perennis,* M. Maritain comments not unkindly on the various philosophies from Kant and Hegel to Bergson and James which he sees splashing about the base of his rock.

The sage, Theonas, and his two interlocutors, discuss but do not controvert. None of them has any objection either to St. Thomas or to Aristotle. There is a certain non-Socratic monotony in their amiable politeness. M. Maritain's range is so wide and so masterly, it is regrettable that he has not varied his dialogue.

A Courageous Woman

MARY WOLLESTONECRAFT. By H. R. James. New York: The Oxford University Press. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by CLARA G. STILLMAN

IN the valuable appendix to this book dealing with the work of his predecessors in the same field, the late H. R. James characterizes an earlier life of Mary Wollestonecraft as "written with that evident enjoyment which is an attractive feature of any book." The same words may justly be applied to the writer's own sketch. Having, as he tells us "through a combination of accidents (which are yet no accidents) come under Mary Wollestonecraft's spell, he was compelled to testify by such an interpretation of her life and works as was in his power." The completed book bears witness to this inspiration and this purpose. While it makes no new contribution, it is an appreciation based on a thorough, first-hand knowledge of her works and on a sympathetic but not uncritical understanding of her life. Such an appreciation could be written only by one who in large measure shared Mary Wollestonecraft's generous idealism, in whose outlook and aspirations her ardent humanitarianism struck responsive chords. That this was true in Mr. James's case is clearly revealed many times in the course of his book and the fact gives a particular and heart-warming charm to this intelligent, sympathetic, and slightly ingenuous study.

The completely satisfying biography of Mary Wollestonecraft still remains to be written. Mr. James, while giving full credit to those who had attempted this task before him, found himself obliged to differ with some of their interpretations. This was true particularly in the case of Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who in 1884 contributed the "Mary Wollestonecraft" volume to the Famous Women series published by Roberts Brothers in Boston and that of Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor, whose "Mary Wollestonecraft: A Study in Economics and Romance" appeared in London in 1911. Mr. James found Mrs. Pennell unduly apologetic with regard to certain events in Mary Wollestonecraft's life and Mr. Taylor's treatment of these events "a little marred by undue concessions to pathological interpretations." In his eagerness to avoid such interpretations, Mr. James leaned backward so far that the tumultuous and intensely human love episodes with Fuseli and Imlay are smoothed out and prettified in a way that the known facts do not justify. Actually, though not explicitly, this was a far more apologetic course than that taken by Mrs. Pennell. He yielded, in this instance, to the temptation of being the chivalrous defender of a much maligned and courageous woman whom he admired rather than her objective biographer, and this part of the book is, in consequence, less illuminating than it might be.

In his estimate of her character apart from her sex life and of her work, Mr. James is well documented and accurate. And here his responsive enthusiasm to what was noble, exalted, and forceful in Mary Wollestonecraft stands his subject in good stead. If at times that enthusiasm seems tinged with naiveté to a generation hardened by the recent wholesale "debunking" of idols, it is, none the less, supported by a convincing array of facts. As both her "Vindication of the Rights of Women," and the less well-known but scarcely less important "Vindication of the Rights of Men" show, she was startlingly in advance of her time; so much so that the humanitarian and libertarian ideas that she so ardently, forcibly, and, to a modern taste, rather rhetorically, expressed have since her day been in and out of favor a number of times. At the moment, with the tendency of both the Right and the Left to discredit democratic aspirations and the rights of the individual, they seem to be at one of their periodic low ebbs. But even when this reservation has been made the fact remains that many of the demands first voiced by Mary Wollestonecraft for the common man and the common woman, which were denonuced as impossible, unnatural, visionary and immoral in her day are today accepted commonplaces of our sociological and educational theory.

A Prize Poet

WHATEVER YOU REAP. By Anne Persov. Detroit: Schumann's. 1933.

ANNE PERSOV, winner last year of $2,500 for manuscripts submitted in the Avery Hopwood contest at the University of Michigan, is the author of this volume of prize winning poems, and Pulitzer recipients who ruminate over the extravagance of the award might read on the first page:

> *. . . And mad, gray swallows*
> *Like thought in an insane brain,*
> *Go darting, circling, diving,*
> *The stems of frenzied feet*
> *Trailed under, orange red,*
> *Like blood-root and bittersweet.*

—Or perhaps a bit of the title poem:

> *Autumn will heap*
> *The granaries high.*
> *Whatever you reap,*
> *corn, wheat or clover,*
> *barley or rye,*
> *when autumn is over*
> *and winter will die,*
> *and spring will come glazing*
> *marsh weeds with sunlight,*
> *whatever you reap*
> *you will be raising*
> *again and again. . . .*

It is packed with meaning and emotion, and mellowly dissolves the resistance which one tends to set up in approaching a book finally evaluated, in a sense, before publication.

Yet there is not much evidence that Miss Persov has what America's women poets mostly lack (" . . . the will . . . which makes people so crazy as to write great poetry," as Max Eastman suggests in his introduction, or that she has precisely the right amount of physique—most women having, he says, too much). Her verses are good, but inconsistently good because she sometimes wills to be facile rather than important. The experience which flows through the book is immediate to Miss Persov in a vicarious way, which is not to say that she writes about things she doesn't know, but that she communicates her experiences in terms which are not always essentially her own. Her way of thinking sometimes, as in "Since It Had Perished," recalls D. H. Lawrence's cry of isolation, or, again, Conrad Aiken's "Annihilation" and "John Deth." Still, her music, unlike Aiken's, never drowns out the meaning.

Miss Persov can write excellent poetry and does. "Whatever You Reap" is burdened with little decorative verbiage, the lines are poignant and full, and, most important, she has achieved in some of the poems a delicate concentration of meaning without becoming incoherent.

Paleolithic Times

THE OLD STONE AGE, a Study of Paleolithic Times. By M. C. Burkitt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by SHERWIN KELLY

THE recent announcement of discoveries in East Africa which may result in pushing back the history of the human race by some ten to twenty million years, undoubtedly causes many laymen unfamiliar with archeological research to wonder how the prehistorian works, and what his materials are. In the present volume by Professor Burkitt, an outstanding authority on the subject, these and many other questions are simply answered. No dry account of cold stone tools this, but a living story of how the archeologist studies his finds, and the criteria upon which he bases his conclusions. A careful description is given of how prehistoric man fashioned his flint tools, and where the various types of tools fitted into the different cultures. The cultures themselves are described in a general way and are, in turn, fitted into the stream of man's prehistorical development. The author treats cave and home art in more detailed fashion, and here again takes care to tell how the artist of the time did his work, and the motives which impelled him to trace the designs or carve the statuettes found today in cave and plain. Some designs were purely decorative, but others played their part in magic ritual.

Although the story is confined to palæolithic times, for the sake of continuity the author devotes a few pages to tieing his account to the following mesolithic and neolithic cultures. A bibliography is appended for further reading along various lines of the subject. The book is well illustrated with halftones and line drawings, and is indexed.

* *

Sherwin Kelly is a mining engineer with a wide background in scientific studies.

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A Shakespeare Portrait

THE EDUCATION OF SHAKESPEARE ILLUSTRATED FROM THE SCHOOL-BOOKS IN USE IN HIS TIME. By George A. Plimpton. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $2.

SHAKESPEARE UNDER ELIZABETH. By G. B. Harrison. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by DAVID BROWN

A STUDY of Shakespeare's education has long been in order. Since 1900, education has become very popular as a research study, and Shakespeare is a perpetual occasion for research. It is curious that no one has attempted even to "combine the information" by the simple device which Dickens suggested for an article on "Chinese Metaphysics." One reason unquestionably has been the rarity of copies of early textbooks, and in these Mr. Plimpton is more copiously supplied than anyone living. From his very rich collection he has selected for description a number of the books Shakespeare probably used in the Edward VI Free Grammar School of Stratford-on-Avon.

Mr. Plimpton does not profess to relate this material closely to Shakespeare or to analyze its influence on him. Nor does he attempt to expand or alter the outlines of material given in Anders's "Shakespeare's Books" (1904) and Foster Watson's "English Grammar Schools" (1908). He modestly disclaims being a Shakespearean scholar and, thus, his book will need to be filled in by those who are. In one or two places certainly, Mr. Plimpton's method means the omission of interesting information. Since his book is called "The Education of Shakespeare" and has a section on "dictionaries," he might have mentioned that the Stratford School had a copy of the "Bibliotheca Eliotæ," the title-page of which is reproduced on p. 128. Mr. Plimpton, likewise, could have expanded his bibliography for description of textbooks by a wider search among the school statutes. His two pages on "Courses of Study in Shakespeare's Day" neglect much material now accessible, if not easily so, through the researches of A. F. Leach and others.

"Small Latin and less Greek" is the phrase Jonson used to describe Shakespeare's learning. The problem of what Shakespeare knew has since rested on an interpretation of these words. In view of the books Shakespeare read at school by Mr. Plimpton's account, it is plain that Jonson did not mean to say that Shakespeare could not read Latin. He probably meant that there were a good many classical authors whom Shakespeare had never had occasion to read. A reader of Mr. Plimpton's book must become aware that, if Shakespeare went to school at all, he learned very little else but Latin, and whatever else he studied, he learned in Latin. The "small Latin" which Jonson allowed him, thus, could easily compass the quotations and allusions of the plays. No one would think of charging a modern man with "small Latin" if he owned so copious a mythology and vocabulary as Shakespeare's.

Mr. G. B. Harrison's new work approaches Shakespeare, not by way of his books, but by way of the current events of the Elizabethan reign. "Shakespeare under Elizabeth" is a "sequel" to Mr. Harrison's "Elizabethan Journal," and is his narrative of Shakespeare's career in its relation to contemporary events. "All who are familiar with Shakespeare's work and times create their own imaginary portraits of the author; this is mine," says Mr. Harrison in his preface. The portrait is an intriguing one, even when the emphasis of values in the sitter and his background becomes confused. For there is novelty in seeing Shakespeare almost wholly in terms of London life under Elizabeth. We tend to think of Shakespeare as writing "for all time," and it is no doubt good for us to have the story of his life retold in terms of his work, his fellow-workmen, his revivals, his patron, and the current happenings. In this volume Bottom appears as a parody of Edward Alleyn, the tragedian; the Dark Lady is a courtesan in Clerkenwell; Achilles, sulking in his tent in "Troilus and Cressida," is Essex, estranged from the Queen; and many other characters that one had not given so exact an original are identified. Mr. Harrison is not the only begetter of all his identifications. He acknowledges his chief sources in a "commentary," appended to the narrative.

Such a book as Mr. Harrison's is oddly fascinating. There are, of course, a few genuine and recognizable allusions to current events and people in Shakespeare; in so large a body of writing there must be others that have escaped identification. Thus, there is always a tantalizing possibility of finding a "hitherto unnoticed" allusion. Even were one convinced that Shakespeare interested himself very slightly in current events and politics, this possibility would still hold. Mr. Harrison puts the pieces together in a very lifelike pattern. But it is portrait painting, not biography.

Aldous Huxleyism

TEXTS AND PRETEXTS: An Anthology with Commentaries. By Aldous Huxley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. $2.50.

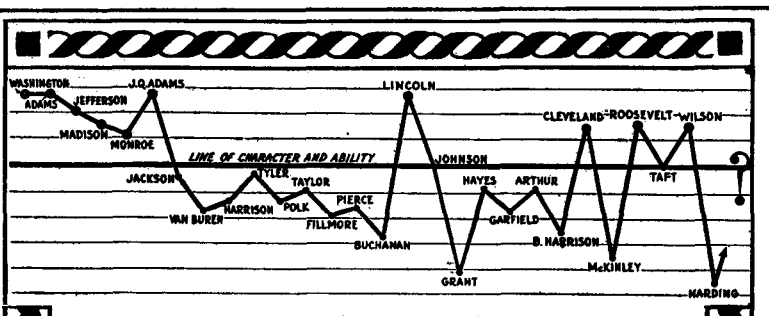
Reviewed by EDWARD CUSHING

THE author and the publishers of "Texts and Pretexts" offer you three books for the price of one: an anthology of poetry, a collection of essays, and a sort of quintessence of Huxleyism. Considered separately as each of these, "Texts and Pretexts" undoubtedly has its faults, but as all three together it is an interesting performance and, I think, well worth the money. The trouble with it as an anthology is that it is representative too exclusively of Mr. Huxley's tastes, which however catholic in one sense and discriminating in another are not likely to agree with the reader's. Mr. Huxley's collection of extracts from English, French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, and Greek sources includes some very fine specimens of impassioned and incisive poetic communication on a variety of subjects—the experience of ecstasy, man and nature, man and God, love, death, and so forth. But it also includes others, equally numerous, which owing to differences of experience and perception cannot possibly have the significance for us that they have for him; simply as poetry, that is, they strike us as trivial, second-rate stuff, inferior to other lines expressing the same ideas or sensations that we recall from the same or other poets' work. True, Mr. Huxley supplies in his commentaries the key to the special meaning they have for him and the reason for their inclusion in the collection. The point is, however, that in an anthology this is a fault; the material of which an anthology is made up should be able to stand on its own merits, without editorial explanation or apology.

But in "Texts and Pretexts" Mr. Huxley presents himself in more than one role. If his performance as an anthologist disappoints us, we may find some compensation in that which he gives as critic and essayist—actually, I think, it is the more important of the two. The poems and prose extracts reprinted in this book are a good deal longer than those which usually head the chapters of a novel or a book of essays, but their purpose is much the same: either they epitomize Mr. Huxley's conclusions on some topic he wishes to discuss, or they provide a springboard from which to launch into criticism and debate.

What results from this method is, however, inevitably less an interpretation of the poets by Mr. Huxley than one of Mr. Huxley by the poets. For my part, I find the give and take between the poets and Mr. Huxley interesting and at times even stimulating, onesided though it is and as a matter of fact was bound to be. Indeed, I find it interesting and stimulating largely because of its emphatic onesidedness. I have already said that "Texts and Pretexts" provides a sort of quintessence of Huxleyism, and I think that this is the ultimate purpose of the book. It offers us a cross-section of its editor-author's mind, a digest of his opinions, a fair selection of his wisdom and his wit. Here he is, the *homme moyen intellectuel*, by temperament a moralist and idealist, by inclination a sensualist and rationalist; a man with a good brain and a heart in the right place; something less than an artist, something more than merely a journalist, but definitely with a journalist's weakness for cleverness at the expense of honesty. It is a complete portrait, though it has all the imprecision of a sketch.

The 1932 gold medal of the Commonwealth Club of California, principal award in an annual competition for authors resident in California, was recently presented to Sara Bard Field for her epic poem "Barabbas." There were forty-eight entries in all, the other awards being silver medals to Gertrude Atherton for "Adventures of a Novelist" and to Harold Lamb for "Nur Mahal."



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The New Books

Art

CENNINO D'ANDREA CENNINI DA COLLA DI VAL D'ELSA IL LIBRO DELL'ARTE. The Craftsman's Handbook. Translated from the Italian by Daniel V. Thompson, Jr. Yale University Press. 1933. $2.

Professor Thompson, who has already furnished us with a considerably improved text of Cennino's famous handbook, now adds a richly annotated translation. Although Cennino's delectably quaint treatise has been several times translated, the present version is a distinct advance upon its predecessors and is as nearly definitive as such a work can hope to be. Professor Thompson, with the exception of plasterers' terms, where the poverty of English drives him to paraphrases, resolutely gives a single English equivalent for each Italian technical term. This makes for clearness, as does the happy choice of modern studio terms.

In general the artist aspiring to paint in fresco or tempera is chiefly in mind in this volume, as the art historian was in the preceding text volume. This being the case, one must regret that warning signs were not set up against the no few recipes which do not work. Cennino occasionally omitted ingredients which he assumed to be of common knowledge, and these ingredients can only be recovered by actual experiment. Doubtless this sort of thing is relegated to the third volume of commentary which will terminate Professor Thompson's long labor of love.

In a literary way the translation, despite the severe restrictions imposed by literalness, is excellent, losing little of Cennino's savor.

Where so much has been so well and painstakingly done, it may seem ungracious to point out what seems a defect in the general plan. One can imagine a text volume including all the annotation that concerns the archæologist, and a translation comprising all elucidation that affects the practicing artist. Neither volume need have been inordinately large. With this arrangement, the archæologist would ordinarily need to consult only the text volume, while the painter would rarely if ever have to go behind the annotated translation. As the work is now planned, the archæologist must use all three volumes at considerable inconvenience, while the painter must use two.

A second edition might remedy this. Professor Thompson is to be congratulated upon the sensible and thorough execution of his by no means easy task. The Yale University Press has put out the two thin volumes very clearly and with elegance.

Biography

LAND OF THE SPOTTED EAGLE. By Chief Standing Bear. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $3.

Following his two volumes of personal recollections of Sioux Indian life, Chief Standing Bear here essays an interpretation—cultural and philosophical—of his people, the Prairie Dakota. The book teems with incidents and stories illustrating the customs and standards of the old-time Plains Indians, and is saturated with a profound nostalgia for the good old ways of the author's Indian boyhood. The result is an appealing view of Sioux life from the cradle to the burial scaffold—a panorama whose harsher outlines have been softened by sentiment and race pride, perhaps, but a true picture none the less. The author frankly admits that he prefers the Indian Road, and declares that—if given a child to rear—he would bring it up as an Indian. It is not a flattering comment, that, on our way of life, but the Chief has plenty of persuasive argument to support his conviction. The great lack he senses in modern civilization is the lack of a social conscience. And, certainly, in that respect the old-time Sioux were moral giants as compared with the white men of our day. In the Chief's earlier books one was aware of an undertow of bitterness and resentment: here the tone is one of sadness rather than anger.

The book is full of varied interest. There are pages and pages of fresh information as to scouting, hunting, warfare, and life in the unspoiled Plains region. Every boy, and most outdoor men, will revel in these. The historian and sociologist will find a clear and convincing statement of the social and civil organization of the Sioux—something badly needed, particularly as regards the real powers and responsibilities of a chieftaincy. In presenting all these matters the author has had the advice and assistance of Mr. Melvin R. Gilmore, Curator of Ethnology at the University of Michigan.

Chief Standing Bear feels, rightly enough, that the warlike side of his people's culture has been too exclusively studied, and here prefers to dwell upon the gentler aspects of Dakota life. At times one misses the gusto, the classical *gaudium certaminis* which animates old warriors, and would add spice to the narrative. The book is a serious and notable contribution to racial understanding.

KITCHEN PRELUDE. By Pierre Hamp. Dutton. 1933. $2.50.

Before becoming one of the props of the *Nouvelle Revue Française,* M. Pierre Hamp was a cook,—and apparently a very good cook, though he never liked the job. In his autobiography, which Dorothy Bolton has translated as "Kitchen Prelude," he recounts in detail often painfully graphic his early life as apprentice, pastry cook, and finally assistant in such well known restaurants as Laborde and Marguery in Paris, and the Savoy Hotel under the reign of Escoffier in London. It is a curious and not altogether pleasant book, revealing unbelievable working conditions and hardships undergone, and supplying as well a gallery of grotesque portraits of his fellow workers. The frankness of M. Hamp's narrative, the unsavory scenes he describes, and the rather unhappy efforts of the translator to be colloquial, all combine to rob the book of superficial attractiveness, yet it is a remarkable and authentic description of a side of life not without importance and with which we are all in close contact from time to time. The code of honor of his former profession seems still to call forth M. Hamp's admiration, and he succeeds in "Kitchen Prelude" in making the uninitiated reader understand this admiration, without ever softening or idealizing the picture.

Fiction

WHEN ADAM WEPT. By A. R. Craig. Doubleday, Doran. 1933. $2.

Adam wept because he could not work for Eve. That is the significance of the title and the thesis of this book. But the story is better than the theme, and the characters are better than anything they are intended to prove. This Peter and this Clair are more complex than Adam and Eve had time to be, and the London of their day—today—offers more difficulties than could ever be stuffed into the skin of one apple.

Clair is a young business woman who falls rather completely in love with the charm of Peter. Mr. Craig has the courage to admit fairly early that this charm of Peter's is not to be described. Actually most of the time he seems quite intolerable. But for Clair he has his appeal. They marry and Clair becomes more and more successful, while Peter has no luck at all and is finally forced into the constantly irritating position of being supported by his wife and being known principally as her husband. So his disposition, never anything to boast of, gets worse and worse and worse, and he drinks more and more and more until the only rational course of action for Clair would be to divorce him and marry the very decent young man with whom she has meantime fallen in love. But this she does not do; she sticks to Peter.

If Mr. Craig had shown his heroine standing nobly by her perfect beast of a husband from a mere sense of duty, then, although one might have enjoyed the story so far, the book could be put aside as one of those thesis-bound efforts that never get very near to life in the crises. But the case is very much otherwise in "When Adam Wept." Clair is continually being drawn back to Peter by something within herself. Something inexplicable to the reader, to the friends of Clair in the book, but something real nevertheless. In the end, waiting for Peter to bring the cocktails, Clair is also waiting for life with no sense of martyrdom. Nothing has been remedied, nothing really changed, this might as well be the beginning as the end. We have known these people for a while, moved along with them for a way, and now we leave them, very much as we might do in actual life.

DREAM'S END. By Thorne Smith. McBride. 1933. $2.

Every farceur seems to have in him one serious novel which he feels he must write at any cost; and the cost is apt to be considerable unless he is wise enough to publish it under an alias, or have it towed out to sea and sunk. Mr. Smith's serious novel deals, very symbolically and ex-uno-disce-omnes, with a weak man unable to cash in on his lofty dreams; and with the conflict between his nobler aspirations, symbolized by a lady who eventually dies for no visible reason but pure discouragement, and the baser physical aspects of life embodied in a girl known as Scarlet. Carnal passion comes in for some severe castigation; which from a writer who has profited so much from it in the past is as if Arthur Cutten or Matthew Brush should castigate the Stock Exchange. It is all rather vague and pretty dull; but when the protagonist, half way through the book, summarizes the situation to another character who describes it as "the last sorrowful slam of an unhinged mind," Mr. Smith is treating his brain child more cruelly than it deserves. He had to write it; his publisher, with commendable sportsmanship, put it between board covers; and the rest of us need not worry about it.

THREE ROADS FROM PARADISE. By Larry Barretto. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

A brownstone house on Thirty-eighth Street is the background for this story of three generations. Claudia Wilson, a passionate but restrained lady of the whalebone era, is betrayed by her husband about the year 1885. She loves Mario Frey, a charming fellow of Italian extraction, but is too correct to do anything about it. Her daughter, Alicia, a deb when straw sailors were the rage, is forced to marry a

(*Continued on page* 74)

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON'S

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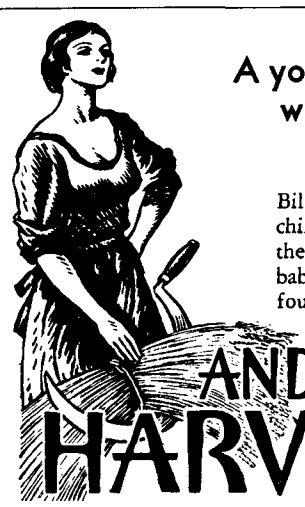

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

WHATEVER may be said of the work of *Edgar Lee Masters* as poetry *per se*, his mind is informed and independent, and his speculations concerning life, philosophy, and religion are interesting. He has a genuine desire to arrive at the truth, which somewhat too much "ego in his cosmos" supplies a tendency to thwart. But he is determined not to put up with shams, and determined to explode superstitions wherever he finds them.

This most recent volume of his, published in a limited edition of real beauty of manufacture by Sheldon Dick of New York, is entitled "The Serpent in the Wilderness," and contains four long poems and two shorter ones. The first poem, "Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the King Cobra" was originally published last October in *The American Mercury*, and to my mind is the best poem in the book. It enters into the nature and strange world of the serpent in quite a remarkable and convincing way, and presents in an effective manner the reptilian nature tortured by symphonic music.

Mr. Masters's free verse is usually prosaic, but his knowledge of the world and the universe in the light of modern science is large, and his findings are clearly expressed. To make a random quotation, the following is a most interesting statement, though the language is fine prose rather than poetry:

What so many guessed in past ages, and is in part
Confirmed by all the cunning devices of this day
Induces belief. And if one think it fantastical
To believe that the whole heaven is a musical scale,
There is reason enough to accept the cosmic manifest
As numbers and geometry, and as an ocean of waves,
And as fire, since electric magnetism reaffirms
These ancient imaginings. Pythagoras is confirmed by mathematics and the microscope,
Since atoms are now shown to resemble the figures and themes of music
In their essence, and their activity as vibration.

That is from the next following poem, "Ode on America." Mr. Masters is aware of most things miraculous and strange in the universe and in nature, scientifically considered. As argument, this book seems the most mature work he has yet given us, of a detached, speculative sort. And one is not to forget the large amount of reporting at close range of the passions and perplexities of mankind that he has accomplished heretofore, or his former concern with the intimate dramas of human beings.

With "The Seven Cities of America" I was already familiar. It has indubitable beauties of description. In this and in "Ode on America" Masters sets himself in the forefront of those few American poets who are endeavoring to get a perspective upon their country. With the poet's conclusions concerning the force that we call "God," what he calls "the changeless activity of fire," I have no quarrel; nor with his view of universal and natural correspondences. He is seriously involved in what he quotes from Spinoza as "the endeavor to understand," which is the highest aim of the human mind.

MR. MASTERS ON JESUS

It is when he comes, in his fourth and title poem, "The Serpent in the Wilderness," to a consideration of the significance of Jesus, and erects a comparison between him and Socrates, that I feel that this poet loses sight, in the controversial, of a good deal of the inspirational force of Jesus. It is not enough for me to say, of course, just because the life of Christ has become so overpoweringly significant to a large part of the world through the ages, that therefore he must in himself have been extraordinary beyond all other men. Back of Christ were other messiahs and a receding perspective of gods. And into his legend, and even into his words as we have them in our King James version of the New Testament, come reminiscences of former religions. There are distinct correspondences in the bases of the Christian religion with prior imaginings of Man the myth-maker. Nor is there any doubt that some of the things that Jesus said, and did, seem to us today intensely dogmatic, nests of swords as to spiritual meaning. But the dialectic of Socrates was an entirely rational one, as we today conceive that term, while the dialectic of Jesus was an intensely mystical one. The mind of Socrates was without question one of the clearest and noblest minds that ever existed. But in his endeavor to exalt Socrates above Jesus and, in fact, to prove that not only did Jesus bring "not peace but a sword," but merely a cloud of superstition and false testimony meaning nothing but centuries of spiritual disaster for the human race, Mr. Masters seems to me to drop out the essence of Jesus. His essence does not reside in any particular and often infinitely perplexing words. It is, nevertheless, an extraordinary reality. I say this as an agnostic, though raised in the Christian faith.

ATHENS AGAINST JERUSALEM

Throughout the rest of his book Mr. Masters cries up Greek civilization and the Greek philosophers as almost ideal. This is because he believes that the intellectual force and integrity of that civilization is almost forgotten in our day; that the Christian ethic, as a dark cloud of superstition, has obscured it. I am not enough of a scholar to combat his position. I only know that under the Christian religion the world has produced great spirits and great spiritual accomplishment. Certainly, when a church was built upon the words and the deeds of Jesus Christ, the strange and paradoxical power that informed his teaching was warped into something at times almost unrecognizeable. Nor do Christians live as Christ would have them live; indeed, for the average man in an organized society, it would be impossible to live in that manner. He would immediately become an outcast. The best way of life that the best Christians reach is merely a slight approximation and a great compromise. Nevertheless, I do believe that the guiding spirit of certain pronouncements of Jesus did a great deal to better the human race. (Mr. Masters's examination of the Beatitudes despite.) I do not believe in dogma. But Mr. Masters, in presenting his case, becomes as dogmatic as the Pope could ever be. This poet's opinion of the common people, for instance, is within range of being called snobbish. I myself do not hold a very high opinion of the common intelligence or of average instincts. But somehow I like the reported attitude of Jesus toward ordinary humanity rather better. "Nearly all the words of Jesus were founded upon fear." I wonder. Had Jesus merely brought a spirit of terror into the world his example would not have endured very long. We have come a great way from the primitive man's fear of a God punishing by means of thunder and lightning, though we are not through with superstition yet, but the average man's conception of Jesus is certainly not that of a terror-bringer. Mr. Masters's attitude with respect to the truly Christian spirit, however, seems to me perilously inclined toward "Even if it was good I wouldn't like it!" While, on the other hand, Athens can do no wrong. And he loves the Greek gods, principally, it seems, because they are so dead.

I myself do not care much for the history of the Jews and their Jahveh as depicted in the Old Testament, but Mr. Masters can't bear them, or Jesus and his influence as a Jewish dispensation. At the end of the book he raises up a new Prometheus, very proud of standing for all the things that Jesus, according to Mr. Masters, didn't stand for; and that Prometheus does seem to me quite a bit smug in his self-satisfaction. I know I shouldn't like him. The rhymed poem at the very end of the book is pretty bad. Mr. Masters's forte is decidedly not rhyme.

A WATER-SPRING

Frances Frost's "Pool in the Meadow" is a graceful little book, full of her deft descriptions of natural things and New England country. The book is designed "for Young and Old" and is an interlude between more important works. But Miss Frost is rarely trivial. Brief as it is, there is real and fresh beauty in this attractive thin volume. It is published by Houghton Mifflin.

BOY PRINCE

Benson had the keys to the throne-room, and kept his eyes open

EDWARD VII

MAN MONARCH

By

E. F. BENSON

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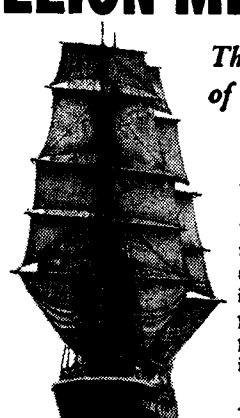

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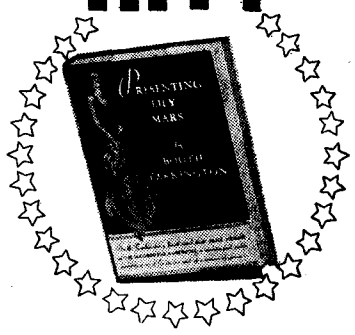

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.* As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

C. J. C., Upper Montclair, N. J., asks for a list of books (non-fiction) to be used by a group for a year's study of the history, geography, and civilization of Scandinavia. I am so often asked for such a list that I am making this one more comprehensive than this particular group may require; it is indeed compiled from a number of such lists that I have lately made for various study purposes.

You may get a fine, swinging start on Scandinavian history with "Northmen of Adventure," by Charles Marshall Smith, just from the press of Longmans, Green. This is a survey of the exploits of leading Northmen from earliest times to William the Conqueror; it takes in glorious marauders like Harold Fairhair, Haakon the Jarl, Canute, Rurik, and our early visitor, Lief Erikson. Along with this would go the new translation of the thirteenth century "Heimskringl of Snorri Sturluson, made (for students rather than the general reader) by Erling Monsen and A. H. Smith (Appleton), the little Cambridge Manual "The Vikings," by A. Mawer (Macmillan), and Axel Olrik's "Viking Civilization," lately published by Norton for the American-Scandinavian Foundation. There are two large reference works of quite recent publication, excellent for libraries; A. A. Stomberg's "History of Sweden" and K. G. Gjerset's "History of the Norwegian People," both published by Macmillan; I have often occasion to use them both. "Denmark and Sweden, with Finland and Iceland," by J. Stefansson (Putnam), is one of the series of historical Stories of the Nations, old but much used in libraries.

Two recent biographies, quite differently treated, belong on this list: "Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North," by Sir George Fletcher MacMunn (McBride), and the life of his daughter Christina of Sweden, by Faith Mackenzie; "Sibyl of the North" (Houghton Mifflin). General MacMunn's biography is not unnaturally from the military viewpoint throughout; Mrs. Mackenzie's is a psychological portrait of the stormy queen. "Greenland," by Jon Skeie (Dutton), explains the Norwegian side of the dispute with Denmark and gives the relations of the two countries since 1380. M. W. Graham's "New Governments of Eastern Europe" (Holt) includes Finland and Esthonia; Eugene Van Cleef's "Finland; the Republic Furthest North" (Ohio State University Press) describes its response to geographical environment, being an important contribution to "human geography." Sir Frank Fox's "Finland To-Day" (Macmillan) is a general survey; "Nationalism in Modern Finland," by J. H. Wuorinen (Columbia University Press) explains the steady growth of forces enabling the nation to resist Russification and emerge unimpaired. A historical list might well be rounded by "Andrée's Story" (Viking Press), for in every way this book helps to make history, besides being a thriller of the first order.

Travel books begin with guides to be taken along: Baedeker's "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark" (Scribner: tenth edition) is the one for that. S. J. Beckett's "Fjords and Folk of Norway" (Dodd, Mead) makes an attractive small guide that combines pictures and an account of land, history, and people, with an index of places useful to the visitor. A series of little books "What You See in Norway," with similar volumes for Sweden and Denmark, are published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation whose publications in general are of the highest interest and value to anyone interested in this subject: some of them are published in connection with the firm of Norton. Another series that could be used as guides or for preliminary reading comes from McBride; Robert Medill's "Norwegian Towns and People," "Sweden and its People," and "Finland and its People." The series of inexpensive color books on European countries published here by Macmillan includes Dudley Heathcote's "Sweden," S. C. Hammer's "Norway," and Clive Holland's "Denmark." "Things Seen in Norway," by S. C. Hammer (Dutton), has a companion, "Things Seen in Sweden," by W. B. Steveni, in the excellent series of little books with pictures under this general title. In travel books relating personal experiences we have Harry A. Franck's "Scandinavian Summer" (Century)—regarding the list of his books one wonders where on earth he will go when he has covered all the earth, as now appears imminent—and the pleasant "Wayfarer in Sweden," by Frederick Whyte (Houghton Mifflin), with travel in "The Faroes and Iceland," by N. Annandale (Oxford University Press).

Literature makes another flying start in a book just published: "History of Norwegian Literature," by Theodore Jorgenson (Macmillan), which goes from earliest times to the present writers, movements, and tendencies, and will be found highly valuable to students of this subject. Modern writers appear in another useful book, "Scandinavian Literature from Brandes to our Day," by H. G. Topsoe-Jensen (Norton); this and Miss Larsen's pamphlet on Scandinavian literature in the American Library Association's "Reading with a Purpose" series, will be of much assistance to program makers. "Norwegian Life and Literature," by C. B. Borchardt (Oxford University Press), is another valuable survey, a larger book. These books may be documented by translations such as the series of "Scandinavian Classics" published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, by the little volume of "Norse Tales" of the Oxford University Press, and in the collection of "Norway's Best Stories" (Norton) with corresponding volumes for Sweden and Denmark.

F. C. H., Chicago, asks if Alfred Sangster's play "The Brontës" is published, and if plans have been made to publish "One Sunday Afternoon." "The Brontës" had not been printed when I left London last month: "Wild Decembers" is published here by Macmillan, and in the series of "Contemporary British Dramatists" (Benn: Samuel French) is Rachel Ferguson's "Charlotte Brontë." I understand that "One Sunday Afternoon" will appear in print this Fall, but I do not know just when. *Miss Janette Mahar, 1922 West 15th St., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma,* is anxious to get the poem "The Job," by Badger Clark, which is not in any of the volumes of his poems that she has read. If someone will send it directly to her it will save time. *Mabel Herbert Urner sends a copy of her pamphlet, "Helen and Warren Guidelet to Europe," fourth edition, sent free to those following the career of this pair in the many newspapers in which it appears.* I remember wondering, and it was years ago that I did, how on earth those two could manage to put up with one another any longer—and here they are going around as briskly as ever. Marriage is a great thing. This is a sound guide to larger cities in Austria, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, England, France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and Switzerland; that is, it tells just what the typical rapid traveller from inland America wants to know, especially if he means to be at least as comfortable abroad as he is at home. The "Guidelet" is supplied by the Bell Syndicate, 247 W. 43rd Street, N. Y. C. *S. T. B., Ballard Vale, Mass.,* says "Obviously there is no cyclopedia big enough to cover the field proposed by *R. M. B., in the Reader's Guide for May* 13; no book can offer more than an unsystematic selection of items in that field, for a systematic selection would be too bulky. 44 such items are treated in 'Why We Do It,' by Ed. Wolff (Macaulay: 1939). Whether it will satisfy R. M. B. any more thoroughly than it satisfied me is another question." *The Oxford University Press says* I should have told the Trollope inquirer that there was a large range of Trollope titles at a price less than the $1.75 a volume I quoted for the Barsetshire series; this press has twenty titles, including such rarely reprinted items as "Doctor Wortle's School," and "The American Senator," in their admirable "World's Classics Series," at eighty cents each. I put in that adjective, for this series is one to which I am much attached, even if I do not, as it appears, know all its resources.

M. B., Portland, Oregon, begins with a quotation from Emerson that *seems to me to forecast with remarkable* accuracy one of the purposes for which the Guide exists: "I suppose every old scholar has had the experience of reading something in a book which was significant to him, but which he could never find again. Sure he is that he read it there; but no one else ever read it, nor can he find it again; though he buy the book and ransack every page." So, deciding that this department has one of the two sorts of knowledge that Dr. Johnson described, the kind that consists in knowing where we can find information, he leaves it to me to discover if facsimile editions have been made of either the "Ebers" papyrus, the "Hearst" or the "Berlin" papyrus, on the order of Breadsted's "Edwin Smith Surgical Papyrus" (University of Chicago Press) which he has. He has also Cyril P. Bryan's "The Papyrus Ebers" (Appleton), but this gives only the text, and he wants the facsimile.

If this department were as strong on knowing things as on knowing someone who did, I would be far wiser than my friends could put up with. So I relayed this inquiry at once to Mr. Ludlow Bull, Associate Curator of Egyptian Art at the Metropolitan Museum, who says that there is a lithographed facsimile of the Papyrus Ebers, made from tracings of the original, in "Papyros Ebers," by Georg Ebers (Leipzig, 1875). This cannot be relied upon as photographs can, but may be accurate enough to serve the purposes of the enquirer. Of the Berlin Medical Papyrus there are photographs in the first volume of Wreszinski's "Die Medizin der Alten Aegypter" (Leipzig, 1909). The best translations of the Berlin, Hearst, and London papyri are those of Wreszinski in this work. There is no up-to-date published translation of the Ebers Papyrus by an Egyptologist.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BRIGHTER BUCCANEER *Leslie Charteris* (Crime Club: $2.)	Short adventures of the Saint, doubling as criminal and detective about Europe.	Saint fans will want it; others would perhaps prefer his longer enterprises.	Pretty good
MYSTERY OF KING COBRA *Dwight Masfield* (Dutton: $2.)	Doctor's divorced wife found dead in his office with print of King Cobra on thigh starts District Attorney Brent on devious trail.	Good old Indian Thuggee comes back to its own in lurid and artificial thriller that nevertheless reads rather well.	So So
THE CLAVERTON AFFAIR *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Sudden death of rich bachelor amidst antagonistic, impecunious, and hopeful kin puzzles Dr. Priestley no end.	Spiritualism, chemistry, family skeletons, and clues ending in blank walls comprise well-knit, if long-winded, yarn.	Worthwhile
DEATH BEHIND THE DOOR *Victor MacClure* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Wakeling's death looked accidental to casual eye but Inspector Burford scented murder though he couldn't prove it.	Capital battle of wits between Scotland Yard man and "well-intentioned" killer. Invisible ink rings main clue.	Good
MURDER IN BERMUDA *Willoughby Sharp* (Claude Kendall: $2.)	Bermuda police force link murder of girl to kidnapping of child and, with much excitement, solve both.	Island locale interesting, characters believable, sleuths average but logical, action a bit confused but pleasing to follow.	Fair

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News from the States

What the SATURDAY REVIEW *most desires for this department is the pithy paragraph upon some significant matter, whether in relation to author's activities, bookselling activities and problems, the trend of reading in a particular territory, or allied matters. Booksellers' anecdotes will be welcomed. It is our aim to furnish a bird's-eye view of reading and writing America which will prove valuable both to our subscribers and to the book world at large. We hope that our subscribers will submit items from time to time.*

MASSACHUSETTS

OUR good friend, *John Holmes*, of Somerville, Mass., has sent us another budget of news. It's all about Boston, as you'll see. He writes:

"Andrew McCance first set up his bookshop in the South End, in Boston. There he kept a table for William Ellery Channing, and placed on it such books and papers as he thought would interest the poet. Channing, on his visits from Concord, always came there, making the shop his headquarters for the day. Thinking of the pamphlet history of the Old Corner Bookstore, that tells of later Cambridge and Boston literary men writing letters, reading, meeting, and lingering in the old store on Washington Street, one is struck with an idea. Why not, even in these days, let that be the custom—a table for writers, with books and papers put aside for them from time to time? Would it be ballyhooed into a nuisance? Or could a proprietor of discreet and honorable intentions make it welcome? In one of Mr. McCance's later shops, I think on Bromfield Street, Edwin Markham's publishers set up a headquarters for the poet for two weeks just after his 'Man With a Hoe' had become famous. So there were sales managers then. There came into the shop one day a Mr. Poole, an artist, says Andrew McCance; he could do anything with paper. That is, he worked as an extra-illustrator, mounting and setting in pages, and he was the only man at that time who could split a magazine page four times. I have seen Louis Holman split a magazine page twice to get a contemporary cartoon for mounting, but I could not say why a magazine page ever needed splitting four times. At any rate, Mr. McCance led Mr. Poole to the table where the poet sat, saying, "Anyone can write poetry, but I want you to meet the only man who can split a magazine page four times." Mr. Markham, in the flush of his fame, failed to appreciate Poole's genius.

"Professor Copeland, famous Copey, of Harvard, 'is a great favorite with us,' says Mr. McCance. I remember (that is, Mr. McCance remembers) when Professor Copeland pointed from the balcony to a man in the store who had been talking to him at great length, and asked, 'Who is that man?' 'All I can tell you,' said McCance, 'is that he's from Harvard and he's a bore.' 'Be more specific in your definitions, please, I beg of you; there are so very many of them,' was Copey's reply.

"Another Harvard figure, well-known and greatly loved, comes with his white beard into the shop every Saturday. He buys detective stories. He rips the covers off, and takes them home to read. He should not be ashamed, for he is in good contemporary company. And indeed, William Ellery Channing used to read all of Miss Bradden's novels, such as 'Lady Audley's Secret,' and the Duchess books, and I am sure he concealed the covers, too.

"Mr. McCance once fired Amy Lowell. What would this instalment be without her! Finally, wearied and exasperated by her complaints and requests, her scoldings and rudeness, he asked her to transfer her account elsewhere. 'It's a small store, but I own it,' said Mr. McCance on this historic occasion. In spite of this, he recalls, when he sent a letter of recommendation to Miss Lowell for a young secretary, the girl was hired, and helped in the preparation of the life of Keats. One would think Boston lived by and for that life of Keats, it returns so often in my plaint.

"In Provincetown this summer, to thrust Keats and Miss Lowell out of sight for the moment, Norman Matson, author of a book that I now nominate for the wide reading it deserves, 'Day of Fortune,' is summering with his wife, Susan Glaspell. There, too, are Harry Kemp and John Dos Passos, busy, we hope, on more plays, poems, and 'Manhattan Transfers.'"

MICHIGAN

Randall Penhale, head of the English Department of the Negaunee, Michigan, public schools, clips a fine review from the Marquette, Michigan, *Daily Mining Journal*. The review was written by Mrs. Manthei Howe, editor of the *Journal's* Woman's Page. We quote it in part:

"Upper peninsula folks will be especially interested in the first novel published in 1933. The book titled 'The Invasion' by *Janet Lewis* is, as the title pages notes, 'a narrative of events concerning the Johnston family of St. Mary's' and its dedication announces—'For The Red Leaf, Anna Maria Johnston, born October 25, 1844, died August 13, 1928; and The Little Red Leaf, Joanna Winters, born April 3, 1931.'

"The book gives in a semi-fictionized, or novel form, the story of the coming of John Johnston to the Great Lakes country, his marriage with the Ojibway chief's daughter, 'The Woman of the Glade,' and it records the story of the family thus founded.

"The Johnston name and that of the Schoolcrafts (daughters of the Johnston family married Schoolcraft brothers) are familiar names in Sault Ste. Marie, and to those in the peninsula interested in the historical background of this region.

"Janet Lewis (Mrs. Yvor Winters) writes beautifully of the pioneer days and brings to the work a sensitivity and sympathy that wil capture the reader's interest.

"The volume is oddly disconcerting to the reader, at least to this one, in that there is such a difference in the 'feel' of the first and final half of the story, and in the latter portion, the author has the tendency to go into an historical minutiæ—fascinating enough in a family record or a collection of documents—but it tends to lose the interest of the reader.

"Don't misunderstand. It is not that the book is not a precious thing but the writer of the narrative has such a wealth of material from which to chose, and I must confess that I found the artistry of her literary expression so enchanting that I was doubly impatient at documentary excerpts that must sacrifice the charm of expression to accuracy and annotation of facts.

"For instance, one prizes a style that gives one such vividly descriptive bits as Janet Lewis's first chapters in the book. In one place describing a battle she says 'and the smoke of the rifles lay in long white streamers, dissipating slowly,' and these sentences descriptive of the Indian girl in her father's lodge: 'As they lay there, all of them, in the fragrance of wood smoke and evergreen boughs, in the odor of the burnt fish and the warm familiar odor of their own bodies, often as not the sharp, light patterings of the spring rain would grow distinct through the noises of the trees and of the lake, and they would fall asleep feeling the powers of earth and air beneficent. After the bitterness of winter it was profoundest happiness.'

"Doesn't that delineate an emotion known to all of us who have ever spent a night in the woods when the warm spring rains are falling? There is paragraph after paragraph of that character throughout the book, but especially frequent in the first half."

WYOMING

"I have yet to find any gossip in your columns from Wyoming—a poor state, perhaps, but mine own, and not quite the cultural desert which Mr. *A. Edward Newton* appears to regard it," writes *Ted Olson* to us plaintively from Laramie, in the "equality" state. By way of repairing the neglect he informs us that *Struthers Burt* and *Katherine Newlin Burt* have returned to their ranch in the Jackson Hole country and that (though Mr. Burt spends only a few months of each year in Wyoming now, he takes vigorous exception to being described as a resident of South Carolina, still regarding himself as a Wyoming man), that Laramie, a town of less than 10,000, boasts two contributors in the August issue of the *Delineator—Olga Moore and Sarah Trousdale Mallory;* that Professor *Thurman W. Arnold* of Yale, who was at one time the only Democrat in the Wyoming State legislature, and had a grand time holding caucuses with himself, is expected later this summer for a visit in the town which he once served as mayor, and that *Grace Raymond Hebard*, indefatigable historian of "The Bozeman Trail" and "Sacajawea," is working on a new book which will tell the story of the Pony Express. She will have as collaborator *William H. Jackson*, ninety year old photographer of the early west.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞As the Fall approaches, Quercus finds his mail filled with booksellers' announcements: to him the most irresistible of communications. Quercus always likes to read lists of first editions, because the descriptions are purely informative, whether or not the information seems favorable to the contents. Here, for instance, is a refreshing item from the Argosy Book Stores' list: "CAINE, HALL. Autograph MS., on the Drama, the relations between dramatist and actor, his own plays, etc. Evidently prepared so that he could face the American interviewer with confidence, during his stay in New York." These days it's the American interviewer who needs confidence in facing British writers.

☞From Alfred W. Paine comes what is modestly denominated "A Short list of Books Relating to Salt Water": it contains 268 titles. ☞The Holliday Book Shop list unerringly picks out high spots from the fall books: Ernest Hemingway's "Winner Take Nothing," A. A. Milne's second detective story, "Four Days' Wonder," Dorothy Parker's new stories, "After Such Pleasures," E. M. Delafield's "Gay Life," and the posthumous collection of Lytton Strachey's unpublished essays, "Characters and Commentaries." If Terence Holliday has spotted the tastes of his customers as accurately as those of Quercus, business should be good this fall at 49 E. 49 St.

☞Quercus has just learned of the founding of The Society for the Advancement of Better Living, among whose members are William A. Drake, C. Hartley Grattan, William Harlan Hale, Robert Morss Lovett, William E. Woodward, and others known in the book world. What with this and Barbara Frost's book center, authors and critics are still eating. ☞A book to be published by Doubleday in September, called *The Joy of Living*, has, however, nothing to do with gastronomy. The author, who is announced as Franklin H. Martin, C.M.G., M.D., D.P.H., LL.D., D.Sc., D.S.M., F.A.C.S., Chicago (whatever Chicago may mean in this connection) qualifies for Mr. H. T. Webster's series of Boys Who Made Good.

☞Old Quercus is reading with enjoyment the reviews of A. S. M. Hutchinson's *The Soft Spot*, a book that is uproariously amusing—though probably not intended to be so.

☞The saddest news of the week is that Coney Island barkers are to be given lessons in English and elocution. The managing director of Luna Park (says a newspaper) "estimated there were hundreds of barkers who never learned the fundamentals of grammar."—But surely that's their chief virtue?

☞Quercus was surprised to read that those few plays which are still on the boards in New York have nearly all been guaranteed against loss by the Leblang ticket agency. The equivalent situation in the book business would be that all publishers stopped issuing books unless they were protected by a guarantee from the leading remainder outlet.

☞A curious literary anachronism crept into "The Fault of Angels," by Paul Horgan, the new Harper Prize Novel. Although the action takes place in 1924, one of the characters, who wishes to seem advanced, pretends to have read "The Decline of the West." He seems more advanced than the author intended, since Spengler was not published here until 1926.

☞The Prize Novel idea is still an expensive but apparently infallible way to put a book across. Quercus looks forward to reading the $20,000 winner, "No Second Spring" by Janet Beith, which Stokes will publish next month. The publishers report that Miss Beith is the niece of Ian Hay, and that her novel was chosen from over 600 manuscripts submitted to the International Competition. But they don't say who the judges were. ☞The Atlantic $5,000 prize book, which Little, Brown will publish later in the month, is Frances Winwar's story of the Rossettis, "Poor Splendid Wings." ☞So far the number of literary prizes in this country has not shown signs of increasing to the point of destroying the usefulness of the idea. In France, however, the procedure seems to be based on the caucus race, where everybody won and all must have prizes. Even Bourdet's ingenious comedy, *Vient de Paraître*—which was produced here last spring as "Best Sellers"—had no effect on this custom. ☞Incidentally, this French play is the only one Quercus knows of which is based on the publishing business. Philip Barry has occasionally inserted a publisher into his cast of characters, but these creations—especially the boy wonder of *The Animal Kingdom*—fortunately have no counterparts in Quercus's experience.

☞Harcourt, Brace sends along the English jacket blurb for Virginia Woolf's "Flush," which Quercus hastens to print before Mr. Woollcott inserts it among his understatements: "This is the attempt to write the life of a dog, Mrs. Browning's spaniel Flush, who not only played an active part in human life, and inspired poetry, but was himself a dog of worth and character, deserving celebration."

☞Speaking of Alexander Woollcott, the Crime Club has picked up his theory that Anthony Berkeley was one of the authors of "Before the Fact," and printed it on the jacket of Mr. Berkeley's "Dead Mrs. Stratton," but without crediting the source. ☞Also on its jacket appears an interesting collection of mystery authors' photographs, the opposite, so to speak, of the rogues' gallery. ☞"Dead Mrs. Stratton," incidentally, seems to Quercus the pick of the August mysteries.

☞Houghton Mifflin have an author named George Goodchild who writes 50,000 words a week. Fortunately he doesn't write mysteries, at least not exclusively, so he can't be nominated as the successor of Edgar Wallace.

☞Herbert Asbury, an authority on Methodist ministers ever since his biography of his ancestor Bishop Francis Asbury, has run into some confusion with the Reverend Paul Jordan Smith, who figures in Mr. Asbury's "Barbary Coast" as a crusader against that area of vice and iniquity. Knopf points out—what Quercus indeed would have taken for granted—that the Reverend Paul Smith has no connection with Paul Jordan-Smith, literary editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. The "Jordan" will be omitted from future editions of Mr. Asbury's book to avoid further confusion.

☞Quercus is delighted to receive from the Paull-Pioneer Music Co., "Bottoms Up, A Song Book for Good Fellows," which contains the words and music of a hundred or so of those songs which are inseparable from beer. Old Quercus's favorite is "Highballs Rolling on the Ground." "Bottoms Up" also has the distinction of including a foreword in verse by Ring Lardner—the only verse product by the old master since the songs in "June Moon"—which concludes:

"I've tested the stuff and I'm stringing
With pals—please don't quote me—who fear
That we'll never have six per cent singing
On three and two tenths per cent beer."

☞Community writing seems to have taken hold in England. After *Mr. Fothergill's Plot, The Floating Admiral,* and *Ask a Policeman*—each written in collaboration by several English authors—comes, from Houghton Mifflin, a short book called *Consequences,* told in the manner of the old parlor game: The Man, by John Van Druten; The Woman, by G. B. Stern; Where They Met, by A. E. Coppard; He Said to Her, by Sean O'Faolain, etc. ☞The idea inspires Quercus to print a book trade story according to this pattern:

The Man—a book salesman.
The Woman—a buyer in a bookstore.
Where They Met—in her office.
He Said to Her—"We've got a new novel that's going to sell 100,000 copies."
She Said to Him: "Oh, yeah?"
He Gave Her: 500 imprinted postcards and an invitation to lunch.
She Gave Him: An order for two copies on consignment.
The Consequence was (optional): 1. The book sold 100,000 copies. 2. The two copies came back.

☞The same idea could be applied to conversations between a publisher and an author or between a bookseller and a customer, but Quercus believes that these can be left to the imagination.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 70)

Tuscan noble, though she loves a nice American boy. Finally, Alicia's daughter, Joan, is mad about her husband, but is jealous of his interest in business and blondes. In Joan's day, the Wilson house has passed from the family and become a speakeasy, where she throws an expensive rowdy party. As the book closes, you are to assume that Joan will be the clan's first *divorcée*.

While the publishers declare that this novel is an "even finer study of social background than . . . two earlier books," this reader can only wonder on what pretext it is called a study. As is usual in Mr. Barretto's work, there are bright, well-observed moments. His characterizations show the hand of a seasoned novelist. It must be admitted, however, that his efforts to provide authentic physical background are somewhat labored—his interiors seem pedestrian imitations of that inspired furniture auctioneer, Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer. It is significant that Claudia, though meant to be the central figure in the book, doesn't always live. She is conceived academically, as though Mr. Barretto has tried to blow the breath of life into a figure of the imagination. The modern scene is handled best, and the party at the speakeasy is excellent—like the reporting of a superdictaphone.

Of course, all this doesn't make a study. Besides the fact that it is too often a clever piece of *nature morte* "Three Roads from Paradise" is rather too obvious, rather too pat.

PARADISE COVE. By Alfred F. Loomis. Appleton-Century. 1933. $2.

The canard that this is a novel for yachtsmen only should be shot on the wing before it flies any farther. It is true that yachtsmen will get more out of "Paradise Cove" than anybody else—sailing yachtsmen, that is, for motor yachtsmen are classed with landlubbers as the beasts that perish; there is a good deal of technical detail that only sailors will appreciate, and all the non-sailors in the book are imbeciles, bounders, or worse. But anybody can appreciate it who values muscular and economical writing and salty character. For such a book, this reviewer happens to be a severe test; regarding yachting as a sport on a par with chess or waiting for the blooming of the century plant, he is the only heretic in a summer colony of madly enthusiastic yachtsmen. Nevertheless, he got a lot of fun out of "Paradise Cove."

The cove in question was the ancestral home of the Edens, reduced at the time of the story to old Dick Eden, three sons, a daughter, and a Godforsaken daughter-in-law. Old Dick, observing that most Americans when they retire from business cannot learn how to play, took time by the forelock and retired the day he left college; so now the Edens are in reduced circumstances and have to sell the swamp acres covered with eel grass to whatever bidder will use them for a purpose least destructive to Paradise Cove. The plot depends on the sale of the swamp acres, and the consequences of the arrival at the cove of Andy Ferris, whose prowess as a composer and a speculator is a matter of little concern to the Edens; Andy is a sailor, and no more need be said.

Before the book ends the family has suffered considerable disintegration, yet something—perhaps the sanative effect of the salt wind that blows through the book—leaves the reader reasonably reconciled, despite the affection he cannot help feeling for this cantankerous, useless, and utterly delightful family of what should certainly be called he-men if that term had not been made ridiculous. (Not to mention one she-woman.) Andy Ferris's breakfast with the Edens, the big drunk at Meeting Reach, the committal of Uncle Al's ashes to the sea on a night of storm—these are scenes that any novelist ought to be proud of, and that no civilized and adequately intestinal reader can afford to miss.

THE STOLEN MARCH. By Dornford Yates. New York: Minton, Balch & Company. 1933. $2.

Beef is good and salad is good, but beef with salad dressing is not so palatable. Mr. Yates has imprudently mixed his styles, and the result is neither one thing nor the other. Beginning as a mildly pleasant travelogue of two English couples in the Pyrenees, the book suddenly plunges headlong into fantasy when their travels take them into a Lost Country populated by the familiar figures of nursery rhymes. What happens there is neither very interesting nor very funny, and the intrusion of a somewhat sticky sentiment does not help

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matters. Mr. Yates deserves a Winchellian orchid for the character of Pomfret Tudor, rotund and middle-aged archæologist; but even Tudor's lines would go down a little better if one were not so often told that his three companions burst into shrieks of laughter at remarks which leave the disinterested reader cold.

History

MODERN GERMANY. A Study of Conflicting Loyalties. By Paul Kosok. University of Chicago Press. 1933. $3.

Dr. Kosok's book was first written in German and later turned into English and much abridged. Possibly this may account for its air of having been not so much written as compiled. Statement follows statement with the dull rhythm of tacks being driven into a carpet, and while those already acquainted with the background will find some nourishment in his analysis of the growth and development of the various classes and departments of modern Germany, beginning with the days of feudalism and coming rapidly on down to the present, the average reader will find his sentences running in one ear and out the other like so many figures on a railway time-table.

Isidor Ginsburg's chapter on "National Symbolism," which follows Dr. Kosok's fifteen chapters, is rather more readable and as it was evidently written shortly before Hitler's triumph, its analysis of the various slogans and "projected patterns" of ideas which have focused German social and political emotions, has a certain timeliness. Curiously interesting to readers unacquainted with Germany will be his explanation of the Social Democracy's support of the war.

Because Germany had the best social legislation in the world and the strongest socialist labor movement, the workers must needs protect it from attack. The German bourgeois state must be protected because it was closest to socialism—that is to the destruction of the bourgeoisie! The symbols of Marxian socialism, originally a revolutionary doctrine intended for the destruction of the bourgeoisie, thus became a means of winning the workers to the defense of the bourgeois state! Mr. Ginsburg adds a postscript in which he says that unless the Nazis can solve the economic crisis which really brought them into power, "they will be confronted by a new and more powerful alignment of just those forces of social revolt which they have been called in to suppress."

Latest Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

King Edward VII. E. F. Benson. Longmans. $3. *The Crimson Jester: Zapata of Mexico.* H. H. Dunn. McBri. $3 net.

DRAMA

Three Molière Plays. Adapted F. Anstey. Oxford Univ. Pr. $2.75.

FICTION

The Flapper's Daughter. B. Burton. Farrar. $2 net. *A Prince of the Captivity.* J. Buchan. Houghton. $2.50. *The Clock Ticks On.* V. Williams. Houghton. $2. *Night Over Fitch's Pond.* C. Jarrett. Houghton. $2.50. *The Case of Marie Corwin.* G. Dean. Covici. $2. *The Parachute Murder.* L. Mitchell Macaul. $2. *The Great I am.* L. Graham. Macaul. $2. *The Summer Flood.* G. Rees. Day. $2.50. *Andrew's Harvest.* J. Evans. Morrow. $2. *Those Who Come After.* H. Legend. Dial. $2.50. *Miss Bishop.* B. S. Aldrich. Apple. $2. *New York Madness.* M. Bodenheim. Macaul. $2. *The Fault of Angels.* P. Horgan. Harp. $2.50. *The Ravenelle Riddle.* E. B. Black New York: Loring & Mussey. *Smart Woman.* T. Strabel. Dodd. $2. *The Claverton Affair.* J. Rhode. Dodd. $2. *The Ghost Story Omnibus.* Ed. J. French. Dodd. $2. *Priest or Pagan.* J. R. Oliver. Knopf. $2.50 net.

GOVERNMENT

American County Government. A. W. Bromage. Sears. $3.

JUVENILE

Anne Alive! M. D. Fayerweather. McBri. $2 net. *My Boys.* G. af Geijerstam. Trans. A. Huebsch. Viking. $2.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Legislation of the Forty-fifth General Assembly of Iowa. J. A. Swisher and R. A. Gallaher. Iowa State Historical Society. *Children's Sleep.* S. Renshaw. V. L. Miller, D. P. Marquis. Macmil. $2. *Fishes.* L. Roule Nort. $3.75. *Spoofs.* Ed. R. B. Glaenzer. McBri. *Theses on Pan-American Topics.* Pan-American Union. *The Dog Owner's Guide.* E. F. Daglish. Morrow. $2.75. *Dollars and Sense.* I. Brant. Day. $1.50. *Value Theory and Business Cycles.* H. L. McCracken. New York: Falcon Pr. $4. *A Short History of the World's Shipping Industry.* C. E. Fayle. Dial. $3.50. *The History and Epidemiology of Syphilis.* W. A. Pusey, M.D. Baltimore: Thomas. $2. *Fetal, Newborn, and Material Morbidity and Mortality.* Apple. $3. *Institutional Behavior.* F. H. Allport. Univ. of. N. Caro. Pr. $3.50. *What Shall I Eat?* E. M. Barker. Macmil. $1.75. *We Move in New Directions* H. A. Overstreet. Nort. $3.

PAMPHLETS

The National Industrial Recovery Act. J. F. Sullivan, A. J. Biemiller, and M. C. Krueger. Socialist Party of America. 5 cents. *Undergraduate Studies Sarah Lawrence College.* Bronxville: Sarah Lawrence College.

POETRY

Fruit Unattainable. H. P. Stoddard. Stratford. 50 cents. *Negrito.* J. M. Brewer. San Antonio: Naylor. *Dante's Inferno.* Trans. G. Musgrave. Oxford Univ. Pr. $3.

PSYCHOLOGY

The Mind of the Child. C. Baudouin. Dodd. $3.

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Gill's Hamlet

SHAKESPEARE: The Tragedy of Hamlet. With engravings by Eric Gill and an introduction by Gilbert Murray. New York: Limited Editions Club. 1933.

EDITIONS of Shakespeare's plays are so numerous that it is impossible to pick the best one; but among the better ones there are several which have distinguishing and admirable characteristics, usually of an exegetical nature. Surprisingly, typographically excellent editions of the separate plays are not common, save occasionally a bijou like the Temple Edition, or a chaste monument like the Doves Press issue. The present printing, combining typographical meticulousness with a flair for typographical effects all its own, is, therefore, unusual and exciting.

For that it is at once comely and novel in format will strike even the reader not versed in the technicalities of printing. In the first place the paper is thin, handmade, and of a pleasing gray color, agreeable to read and to handle. The shape and size of the book—a small octavo, well proportioned—are pleasant. But it is the type which is most striking. Mr. Eric Gill is a printer and designer of great imaginative capacity, though his imagination sometimes tends to curious eccentricities which one may or may not like. Take, for instance, his books in which the lines are not justified to even line-lengths: there is a reason for this, but also there is even better reason, perhaps, for the customary justification. In this "Hamlet" these evenly spaced lines are not especially noticeable, because of the nature of the text. But one cannot escape the type, because he has done something generally considered as bad taste in printing—he has used type which is condensed width-wise: and for many years now it has been a canon of type designing that type should be based on the square. To depart from this convention one must be a genius, and Gill is one. The pinched type is used here for the stage directions in place of a smaller size. It seems to me effective and successful—but I hope the fashion will not spread in the hands of lesser artists! The type of the text, which is of normal width, is named "Joanna," and is a crisp and original design, easy to read and pleasant to look at.

The book is bound in English pigskin, with a design by Mr. Gill. Pigskin is a somewhat heavy leather for a small book, since the joints are apt to be poorly formed—yet there is some satisfaction in using so stout a material.

For decoration within the book, Mr. Gill has made wood blocks of title page,—one of his characteristic floriated ones,—initials, and pictures. One of our leading art critics some years ago commissioned a friend going to England to kill Eric Gill; with all respect to this critic's judgment, I think the fact is that Gill is one of the most positive forces in the graphic arts at present—and positive for good, too. This edition of "Hamlet" for instance, is a well-planned book as to paper and type, with appropriate illustrations: more than that, it is a distinguished piece of book-making, novel in some details but based on a sound conception of type and paper.

Miscellaneous

Vermont Verse

THE Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro, Vermont, has issued in simple format a volume of verse called "Assent to Autumn," by Leila Jones.

"Fifty Books About Bookmaking."

For the Twentieth Annual Conference on Printing Education held at Columbia in June, the Columbia University Library arranged an exhibition of fifty books about bookmaking. A catalogue was issued, with an introduction by Mr. Lehmann-Haupt. The book is a small quarto, set in Weiss type, in a subdued but careful typography. Such lists are always interesting, and the present work contains a larger number of important German items than is usual in American lists.

Swift on Marriage

It is probable that Dean Swift's letter to Miss Betty Moore concerning Marriage will not be more heeded by young women of the twentieth century than by its recipient of the eighteenth—young women being about what they always were. But their doddering mentors will still continue to give them sound advice, and if Dean Swift's admonitions appeal to the elders, no more charming edition, as a gift to a Young Lady Considering Marriage, could be desired than that recently issued by the Ashlar Press in a limited edition of 400 copies at three dollars. The book has been set in Lutetia, with three crisp drawings by T. M. Cleland. The binding, in Irish linen with blind stamped pattern, is particularly good.

Master's Verse

THE SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: Sheldon Dick. 1933. $8.50 *and* $12.50.

POETRY is not easy to print, nor does it usually make for a pretty book. The poets will not make their lines all even, and the printer cannot set verse like prose; so usually he throws up his hands and does the book in any old style which comes to mind. The present volume of original verse by Mr. Masters (only one poem has been before printed) has been set as the verse structure demands, in wide lines on a wide page. The typographic arrangement is very simple, as it should be, and harmonious with the text. The binding is in cloth back and red paper sides. Four hundred copies have been printed, of which 84 include a page of manuscript.

R.

De Burry's Philobiblon

PHILOBIBLON OF RICHARD DE BURY. Berkeley, Calif.: The Book Arts Club. 1933.

THE translation of de Bury's "book about books" is that of E. C. Thomas. The format is a small octavo of seventy-five closely set pages, well printed on firm paper, and bound in cloth. It is a fine style for a pocket companion, as de Bury ought to be for those who love books. Only 174 copies have been printed, from designs by the Book Arts Club, at the University Printing Office at the University of California, by its new Printer, Samuel T. Farquhar. As an earnest of what may come from that press under its new printer, the book is encouraging. It is a choice little edition, giving not only de Bury's work but a biographical introduction by Dorothea Singer.

R.

American Game

THE PALINGENESIS OF CRAPS. By Edward L. Tinker. New York: Press of the Woolly Whale. 1933.

ONE of the picturesque figures of one of America's most picturesque of cities—New Orleans—was Bernard Xavier Philippe de Marigny de Mandeville, born in 1785, and left a fabulously rich orphan at the age of sixteen. His fantastic exploits in his native city, after an alarmed guardian had shipped him off to London and then in greater alarm had summoned him home, are set off against the background of a city completely different from any other in America. De Mandeville has found a delightful chronicler for his exploits, and in particular for the story of the introduction of the game of craps into this country. The story is told in a slim volume from the Press of the Woolly Whale, printed in Poliphilus type on a fine hand-made paper, and decorated with appropriate dice pips and end-paper maps. The story has appeared before in one of the New York Sunday newspapers, but should have this permanent form. It is an amusing and entertaining story, fittingly presented. Of the 400 copies printed, 150 are for sale.

R.

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WILL creative writer who has undergone psychoanalysis communicate with undersigned; all correspondence held in absolute confidence; purpose, scientific article now in progress. M. D.

YOUNG man, contributor to VOICES and THE LYRIC, wishes correspondence with New York lady interested in the arts. Box 215.

WILL the lady who waited at Museum of Modern Art Wednesday, August 16th, write again? Letter received too late. Box 213.

AN ELDERLY couple of some literary taste wish secretarial services of struggling young author about 30. Two hours daily, salary $75 and board. As interview is necessary kindly only reply if accessible to New York. North Carolina, *Saturday Review.*

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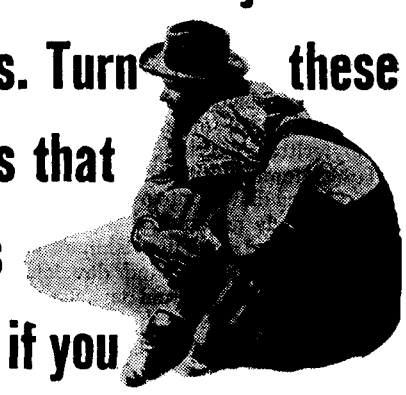
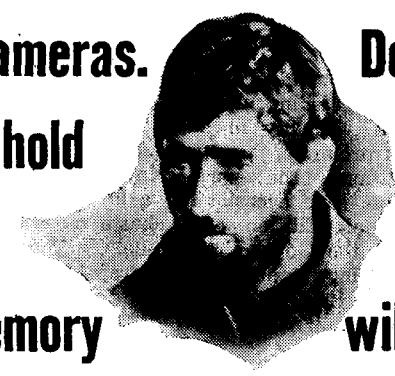
Open this mammoth book of five hundred and thirteen un-censored un-retouched photographs, dramatically integrated into one sweeping cavalcade of "The First World War." Open it with awe, for you unlock here the secret diary of the human race, written in fire and blood during its darkest hours. Turn these giant pages, scan these captions by Laurence Stallings, captions that glitter and stab like bayonets, peer into these countless faces  disclosed with hair-trigger candor by a thousand cameras. Decipher, if you dare, the secret of these pictures, the secret they hold  as securely as the dead hold theirs, and in one rush of awareness you will comprehend the far-flung totality of the world war. Perhaps memory will lay rude hands upon your shoulders and you will cry out, "I was there!" Perhaps for the first time you will fit your own experience or recollection into the vast design of Armageddon. Perhaps you will at last realize what some fragment of all this chaos meant, from the beginnings of Blood and Iron, long before 1914, down through these fateful years, to the Backwash of Versailles, long after 1918. In this panorama of black and white is an onrush of reality that mere words could never attain—a photographic chronicle transcending all other forms of history, as a record, as a visual excitement, as a bald-faced reckoning of the costs. For this is not a book about the war as written by scholars in far-off libraries, but the war itself as remembered by countless millions on land and sea. Here is not just another spectacular best-seller, but, by universal tributes from the seats of the mighty, and by heartfelt testimony from the rank and file, a book literally meant for every home, every school, every library, yea, for every child, unto the third generation. Here is not simply an advertisement by the publishers, or an appeal by the booksellers, but a tidal sweep of acclaim, spoken as with one voice, by all America.

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